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HARVEST-TIME IN THE WEST.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

WHATEVER the grain-bearing region of the Great West may ordinarily lack in picturesque beauty and grandeur of scenery, there is one time in the year when it abounds in these impressive elements. This is the period just before and at the harvest of Summer, in whose mid-glories we are now rejoicing. I confess to sufficient partiality for the pastoral valleys, the craggy hights and deep gorges of mountain ranges, and the romantic shores, with which our artists are so familiar, and which the tired dwellers of cities are beginning to find and enjoy in their Summer vacations. But there is nothing in the face of Nature that moves in me so great a range of sensibilities, and puts me in such intense communion with the life of the universe and the hearts of men, as sights of this vast realm, crowned and gleaming with its annual crop of various grains. To those who have never traveled at this season over the rich plains of Illinois, and the graceful swells of Iowa, adequate description of their fruitfulness and beauty would seem like exaggeration. But so vast are the spaces radiant and waving with grain, so rich and harmonious the coloring and features of the landscape, so prodigious the scope and capacity of the husbandry, and so magnificent the picture of all that appeals to the gazer's mind and heart, that no pen can convey to those unfamiliar with the scene an accurate impression of the *effect as a whole.* Mere statements of the number of acres under cultivation, the size of single farms, the yield of grain, and the methods and activity of the laborers, can convey little conception of these luxuriant gardens, these wildernesses of prodigal fruitfulness and loveliness.

I write now particularly of Iowa, all over whose billowy prairies—from the borders of the Mississippi to the distant counties of the interior, up the rich bottom and adjacent slopes of the Des Moines, along the lines of the Rock Island and Pacific and the Northwestern railroads, and through the long, beautiful valley of the Cedar River—this wonderful expanse of harvest stretches, and spreads, and laughs with its manifold abundance. Fields of ripe barley, glistening with bearded silver, leagues on leagues of wheat, yellowing on ten thousand slopes, crowning the uplands and filling the levels between, reaches of prairie that are still unbroken; the deep green of oats, sprinkled with the gray of ripening ears; the rank maize, standing lush and sturdy in its luxurious strength, its great leaves drinking the sun-glare and its young tassels gayly tossing in the breeze; the rye and potatoe patches (equal in size to small farms in New England) interspersing the view, with here and there strips of virgin soil of living verdure, gemmed with the blue and gold of flowers, and running up the moist hollows between the various grain—such is the picture that greets the visitor now as he journeys this 17th of July in almost any direction through Iowa. These wide spaces are not characterized by a tame monotony; but are sumptuous with the richest tints, diversified with pleasing forms, bathed with a crystalline atmosphere, freshened by winds that set the whole landscape in motion, and undulating with the most graceful lines away to the horizon, which toward evening is often enough to enrapture a poet and drive an artist to despair. Standing in the midst of such scenes, I confess to emotions deeper than I feel in the flash and thunder of cataracts, or the roseate splendor and dim abysses of mountain solitudes, or the restless tossing of the desolate sea.

For several days past the great interest of the people in Iowa has been concentrated on the farms. Some fields are studded thick with golden shocks, already gathered to be cured in the sun, preparatory to the stack; in some the gigantic reapers are tossing with tireless arms the grain as in sport to the sturdy harvesters, to be bound into sheaves; and some are yet waiting in happy contentment for a riper growth: but everywhere over the wide prairie the work of gathering the vast crop is hastening on. The horn of plenty almost bursts with fullness. As you gaze over miles and miles of the harvest glory, you are stirred as by cathedral music or the roll of majestic epic verse. For you feel more than the sense of beauty and sublimity in the richness and immensity of the scene. Out of these innumerable farms, from these resplendent slopes and golden vales, and boundless landscapes, singing and rejoicing with their treasures, you seem to see angels of life going forth to thronged cities, to seats of pleasure and pain, to abodes of want, and care, and toil, with a precious benediction. In distant factories, and mines, and workshops, in dreary alleys and attics, as well as in cosy cottages and sumptuous mansions, you see smiles of gratitude and hear voices of thanksgiving. How many hungry mouths will be filled, how many frames made strong to labor, how many fires brains supplied with fuel, how much suffering saved, and how much comfort enjoyed, by these plenteous harvests! All the touching aspects of humanity appear to you as in a vision, and you participate in the gladness that toiling and suffering man enjoys in the possession of his daily bread. Could those who depend upon the West for so large a proportion of their food but behold these glorious harvest-scenes, they would find cause for more peculiar joy than they experience by the simple knowledge that the granaries of the land are full

To state that the crop never promised so large a yield through the grain-bearing region would be scarcely news. It is true that the grasshopper has ravaged a strip of territory along the Missouri, and that the storms have beaten down the luxuriant grass in some localities near the Mississippi. Still these deficiencies, though a loss to individuals, will but slightly affect the enormous yield throughout the Northwest. The Indian corn is so remarkable in its beauty and promise that not to mention it would be a denial. A month of tropical heat has forced this magnificent tropical plant to prodigious growth; and at the present writing there are thousands of acres here, in the latitude of New York, whose tops no living man can reach by standing on his toes.

During a residence of eleven years in Iowa, I have never witnessed such a season of promise as the present. Of course, there is yet a possibility of the failure of the crop; for weeks and even months may elapse before the grain is threshed and stored in the garner. Still only great and incessant rains can bring such disaster. All signs are now hopeful. O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

THE END OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY ALFRED H. STREET.

Low sinks the sun; the western sky is fired
With gold and crimson; on the landscape wide
Streams the rich light; the scene on every side
Is lovely. Thus the good man, full attired
In the light garments he has worn through life,
Sees the red torch of being sink. No strife
Mars his long path. His heart is filled with love
For all on earth, but most for Him above.
Life's battle hath been fought. No more his way
Is checkered. Gone the cloud. The hopeful ray
Of faith beams on him. From his earthly goal
He sees the windows of his Father's home
Gleaming upon his sight. No more to roam
In sin's dark pathway—Heaven receives his soul.

THE THEOLOGY OF MACBETH.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

No one can read Shakespeare's Macbeth without being reminded of the scriptural account of Hazael, who was first minister of Benhadad, king of Syria, and afterward, by his own treachery in assassinating his master, his successor. Indeed, the two stories have similar elements of the tragic; and Athanase Coquerel, the accomplished Parisian preacher, lately deceased, has availed himself of the biblical narrative as the basis of a tragedy, bearing the name of Hazael. Both these tragedies illustrate the combination and interaction of the two great elements in every human history—the purpose of God and the free agency of man.

In Macbeth this doctrine of the divine purposes, of prearranged events, is at once the inspiration and snare of him who is first introduced to us as a brave, gallant, and worthy gentleman. Those words of the 3d witch—

"All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter"—

coming, as he has reason to think from the truthfulness of other predictions, from the invisible world, entangle his feet at once; and he begins to embody in himself the statement of the Apostle James: "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed; then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is not the decree that leads him on, it is the lust. One moment he rests his expectations upon this divine plan, as he says:

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."

And this is the thought of Lady Macbeth in the lines, when she says of him:

"What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily."

At another moment he acknowledges to himself the already conceived intention to make his way to the "swelling act of the imperial theme," even though he must wade in blood—thus:

"My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not."

The thought is too great for the deed. Lust has already conceived before he meets the arch-temptress, his wife. He thus intimates this in his letter to her: "This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell." And, when he comes, she reads it in his face:

"O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters."

She sees the murder there. She is looking there for it; and then she shames and goads him on, until it becomes the awful deed, and Duncan lies weltering in his own blood. And then sin begets sin. Banquo is yet in the way; if not of himself, at least of his descendants. Banquo is to reap the fruit of his crime; and so Banquo is dispatched. And then conscience begins to lash his soul with her scorpion stings; and both he and his wife are driven to madness, and finally to death—the one by the hand of Macduff, and the other by her own.

The murder of Duncan, indeed, has hardly been effected before the knocking at the gate awakens in Macbeth the severest remorse of conscience.

"Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

What a touch of nature is that, too, when he implores the knocker at the gate:

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Are, would thou could'st!"

The crown has no charm for him. He only longs to be liberated from remorse. Recall also his words to Lady Macbeth, in the banquet-chamber.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud?"

Again:

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood."

This is the blank verse for the proverb, "Murder will out!" But Lady Macbeth has her turn. She enters the room with a taper, with her glaring, senseless eyeballs, washing for the thousandth time that little hand, which all the perfumes of Arabia can never sweeten again. It is her nightly habit and guise. Read what the waiting physician says:

"Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all!"

Read what Macbeth says in his despair of help for her or himself:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

And yet, before the foul deed, a little water was to wash it out.

The doctrine of future reward or punishment is in these lines to Duncan:

—"it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell."

And Macbeth thus indicates the price at which his crown has been purchased, and also the other party to the contract:

—"and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings."

And in this strongly figurative and blasphemous way speaks the porter who admits Macduff and Lenox:

"I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

The recognition of human sinfulness is in this prayer of Banquo before sleeping:

"Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!"

These words of Malcolm, descriptive of Macbeth, illustrate the progress of sin, the principle that "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse."

"This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well."

There are also in this tragedy several scriptural allusions; for example, the following:

"Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha";

and also in Macduff's description of the religious life of Duncan's queen:

—"the queen, that bore thee
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived."

Dr. Ulrica, the eminent German critic of Shakespeare, has said that Macbeth is the tragedy in which, above all others, Shakespeare has distinctly maintained his own genuine Christian sentiments, and a truly Christian view of the system of things. "Without giving this tragedy such pre-eminence in these particulars, we may say that in no other play has this great dramatist so clearly set forth the progress of sin from the outward suggestion to the last fatal act of crime, and its dark train of consequences in this life, with flashes of light thrown upon them hereafter, as in Macbeth. And here, too, as in no other play, may we see how divine sovereignty and free agency do actually co-operate and are consistent with each other. The prophet answered Hazael's question, sent by Benhadad, "Shall I recover of this disease?" "Thou mayest certainly recover; howbeit the Lord hath showed me that he shall die." And he was to die by Hazael's own hand. Duncan might have left Macbeth's castle; but it was certain that he would not, for Macbeth was to murder him.

GEORGE DAWSON, THE ENGLISH LECTURER.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

IN one of her "Letters from Abroad" Margaret Fuller speaks of spending a Sunday in Birmingham, and of going to hear a young preacher named George Dawson, whose talents and eccentricities were then causing a great stir in England. This is her description of the man as he was in 1846: "He is eloquent, with good method in his discourse, fire and dignity when wanted, with a frequent homeliness of enforcement and illustration, which offends the etiquettes of England, but fits him the better for the class he has to address. His powers are uncommon and unfettered in their play; his aim is worthy. He is fulfilling and will fulfill an important task as an educator of the people, if all be not marred by a taint of self-love and arrogance now obvious in his discourse."

There was much in the attitude of George Dawson, when Margaret Fuller saw him, to excite large expectation. That he has not in mature life fully kept the grand promise of his early manhood, and that the germ of his partial default was even then discerned and prophesied by the soul-reading eye of the gifted American woman, are statements which it concerns us not now to discuss.

Two men have been for a quarter of a century at the head of the profession of popular lecturing in England. One of them, Henry Vincent, we are becoming acquainted with. The other, George Dawson, has never visited us, and perhaps never will. He is one of the most remarkable of living Englishmen; and to some it may be of interest to make his acquaintance through this sketch.

In eminence as lecturers Vincent and Dawson are alike; and that is the only resemblance between them. In mental characteristics, in attainments, in tastes, in tendencies, in methods of speech, no two men could be more dissimilar. Vincent is a believer; Dawson is a skeptic. Vincent is an enthusiast; Dawson a satirist. The one loves rapid and glowing generalizations; the other loves searching and sharp analysis. The one eulogizes; the other sneers. The one constructs; the other dissects. Vincent reads but little; Dawson reads everything, keeps up with everything, and talks of everything. The one tickles his audiences with flattery; the other stings them with sarcasm. The one is an American stump-speaker, shouting, gesticulating, stamping, mimicking, thrilling, putting the crowd into good humor; the other is a cynic philosopher, never deigning to get excited, or to talk in any other than conversational tones, or to attempt conciliation. Vincent gives impulses; Dawson gives ideas. Vincent rules by admiration, tempered by sympathy, generosity, humor; Dawson by admiration, tempered by fear, doubt, wit. On the whole, Dawson wears longer with audiences than Vincent. Moreover, people are more inclined to suspect self-seeking in the man who praises them than in the man who scorns them.

The story of Dawson's life is soon told. He was born in London, in 1821; he graduated at the University of Glasgow; he became a Baptist preacher; and in 1844 he assumed the pastorate of Mount Zion Chapel, in Birmingham. He was then identified with the Dissenters. It is, however, Dawson's nature to disagree with whatever company he happens to be in; and he soon dissented from the Dissenters. Above all things, he hated the idea that the preacher is a priest; that his office is, in any technical sense, a sacred one; that the pulpit is anything more than a desk; that there should be such trumpery as a clerical title, as a clerical costume, as a clerical look, walk, smile, tone, handshake. Then he treated the prevalent orthodoxy in most disrespectful fashion, picking flaws in it, accusing it of inhumanity, impiety, of all manner of folly, and pelting it with pittless wit. It was the high-day of Carlyle's literary influence. Dawson was permeated by Carlylism, and filled all his sermons with it. Before long there was terrible commotion in Birmingham, and Britains turned their eyes upon the young iconoclast—some with horror, others with the joyful hope that a new Luther had come to protest against the infallibility of Protestantism, and to wage war against the sham popelings of Dissent. Of course, there was a rupture of his church; some staying in the old place, many going off and building a new house for the new preacher, and calling it neither Baptist, nor Methodist, nor Presbyterian, but the "Church of the Saviour." They established a church not only without a bishop, but without a priest and without a creed; and ever since, in that unique little temple, crowded every Sunday with the wealth and intelligence of Birmingham, people have heard the most unique preaching now agoing on that side of the Atlantic.

Many have been disappointed in their expectations of Mr. Dawson's career; because their expectations were in part absurd. They thought he would loom up in England, and be a great figure under the cope of the sky, and organize a great party of religious free-thought. Ridiculous! Free-thinkers can never have a party. There can be no party without restraint somewhere; and a restraint anywhere puts a chain around thought. They supposed that Hamlet could play Luther. He who organizes an onset against bigotry must be a bit of a bigot himself. Mr. Dawson is not a theologian, or a preacher; he is a lecturer. So soon as he began to attract attention in the pulpit, he began to attract more attention on the platform; and the real work of his life has been that of an itinerant week-night teacher of the English common people. They have in England a miserable lecture-system; the most miserable thing about it being its pretense of neutrality upon all the living questions. It is simply impossible for Dawson to be neutral, though he is generally on both sides; and he has conquered for himself a freedom of speech which no other lecturer enjoys. His great power is in indirect attack, in subtle side-thrusts, in flank movements upon the established order of things. His topics are literary, biographical, historical; but he contrives to make these innocent topics the conduits for all sorts of radicalism.

The upper classes of English people do not favor oratory, and positively despise professional lecturing. They have a phrase with which to describe a public speaker who speaks his mind—they call him "an impudent speaker." They voted Henry Ward Beecher an uncommonly "impudent speaker." They think Dawson the most "impudent speaker" alive. Probably they are right. If any one comes in late, or goes out early, he gets a fearful glbe from Dawson. If any one whispers or moves twice, Dawson stops, and stares, and concentrates all eyes upon the offender. At Norwich, once, a man entered the hall late, walked far up the middle aisle, keeping his hat on. Dawson paused, walked to the side of the desk, gazed at him as if he had been a gorilla; and then, with an air of quizzical contempt, made a signal for him to take his hat off. Off went the hat, and down went the man, as by electricity. At Bristol, three years ago, Dawson was lecturing on Cobden. The fire-bell rang, and the people rose and began rushing out. The bland mayor, who presided, besought in supplicating tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, I entreat you to remain in your places." Dawson interposed with a terrible growl: "Will you sit down? Will you be fools? Will you run like a pack of sheep?" They kept going. Dawson threw himself into a chair, with the exclamation: "You are fools! Go along; you are just a set of fools." When people continue coughing during a lecture, he tells them: "If you don't shut up I will!"

Mr. Dawson is a whiskered, middle-sized, homely man, rough in dress, with a husky, jangling voice, ejecting his sharp-edged sentences in nervous jerks. Without any physical effort at vivacity, he is the incarnation of wide-awakefulness. From the first word to the last, he keeps his audiences in a state of intellectual tension. Many people think him whimsical and capricious, and accuse him of putting on his eccentricties for effect. No mistake could be greater. The logic of his mind is opposition. His temperament ordains that he should always take the other side. His nature is like that of Lessing, who said that he "had never smoked except when a pupil at the Meissen Grammar School, because smoking was forbidden there." Dawson's schoolmaster was horrified by the boy refusing to learn a certain lesson, because it was "all stuff and nonsense." At Glasgow he repudiated the logic classes for the same reason. He has a lecture on John Wesley: if he gives it in a Methodist community, he stuffs it full of stories to the disadvantage of Wesley. A friend told me that he accompanied Dawson to a lecture near London. Dawson poured scorching abuse upon the Unitarians; though, the night before, at another place, he had praised them. Going home, my friend said: "But, Mr. Dawson, why did you scold the Unitarians so?" "Oh!" replied he, "didn't you see that big Unitarian preacher there, with a whole lot of his people?"

In all this he obeys his own nature. No doubt he does great good. Providence seems to have assigned him the mission of smiting self-complacent people squarely between the eyes. And, amid all his savage severity, there are many veins of generous, helpful, and beautiful sentiment. One Sunday he told his people that he was going to the Continent, and that the chapel would be closed for six weeks. "In the meanwhile," said he, "you will each seek your own good in any temple you may choose in Birmingham; and you are not the people I take you to be if you cannot obtain some good thing from any good man in Birmingham. Some have hinted that the closing of the doors for so long a time is a dangerous experiment; that when I return to my pulpit again I shall find my sheep scattered. Verily, if it should be so, I shall be thankful for the cause that hath scattered ye. If you can pick you out shepherds that can serve you better—as truly and alas! you may—who am I that I should complain? Verily, there is no good man in Birmingham from whom I could not obtain the good word."

BESIDE THE CRADLE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE cricket plaineth, the slow night waneth;
'Tis dawn; but the starry hush remaineth.
I awoke as the belfry-clock struck three,
And the haggard moon, all woefully,
Was drowning herself in the lonesome sea—
I awoke, and my sad heart paineth!

O, rest thou lightly, and dream thou brightly,
Babe that the angels talk with nightly!
Thou wert the rose by Death's keen thorn;
Why can I mourn not as others mourn,
Who have put my joy to my sorrow's scorn,
And have dealt with neither rightly!

Sad heart, content thee; thy trouble hath bent thee,
But cannot break while the hope is lent thee;
The beauteous hope that yonder lies
The fair-browed boy, with his father's eyes,
A mercy fallen from Paradise,
A message thy dead hath sent thee!

THE POWER OF HABIT.

BY REV. S. T. SPEAR, D.D.

THERE is a vast power in that linking of actions together which underlies the formation and progress of habit. Each act carries over a certain effect to the one immediately succeeding; not only disposing the mind to its repetition, but also increasing the facility of its performance. Everything that one does thus derives something from the past, while it makes a distinct contribution to the future. Under the influence of this simple and yet permanent law of Nature we are constantly advancing toward a settled and fixed mode of action; not only making any change therefrom difficult, but also increasing the improbability of any such change. Our mental nature thus drifts in a definite direction, and that too with progressive momentum.

This constitution of things is a beneficent arrangement for the development of a human being. We come into existence with capacities without culture, with native powers without experience, with the rude material of mental life without any acquisitions. Were this state of things permanent, human existence on earth would be a total failure. We must have the power of adding something to life's original outfit. This power is supplied by the law of habit.

The moment we begin to act habit begins to work; the longer we act the more definite and marked is the result; and thus by simply acting we acquire our tendencies, facilities, and permanent habitudes of mind. Here is the principle which lies at the bottom of all education, and but for which man could never learn anything. Without it the man of years would be a mere infant in condition. It indeed joins the man to the infant, and leads the infant up to the man, compensating for the defects and imperfections with which we begin the career of life. What we *become* is in this way made the fruit and effect of what we *do*. God meant that it should be so, and has so organized our nature that it must be so.

The most important relation of this principle—that in which we are most deeply interested, and by which are to be most permanently affected—is the one which refers to the formation and progress of *moral* character. Virtue and vice are no exceptions to the principle and power of habit. Neither loses its specific nature by becoming habitual. We learn to use our capacities in the right or the wrong way, just as we learn to speak, or to walk, or to do anything else; and, as we use them in the one or the other of these ways, life becomes a discipline in the practice and growth of virtue and piety, or a discipline and growth in the practice of depravity and sin. Between these ways we make our choice; and then, without our choice, habit comes in as a silent yet prodigiously effective power of connection between our actions—working to our advantage, or as greatly to our disadvantage, according to the nature and character of the habit formed.

Take, for example, the man who has been in the practice of virtue and piety for a period of twenty years. At the end of this period we shall find in him a tone and temper of mind, a status and strength of character, a steadiness and ripeness of moral feeling—a set of spiritual habitudes—that were not at all visible in the outset. Right action has become easy, natural, spontaneous; so much so as to appear in the form of a second nature. The God of our being has appointed that the practice of virtue and piety should improve and confirm us in the condition and habit of this virtue and piety. He connects this law with every process and every stage in the spiritual culture of a good man, and thus leads him forward and upward, by successive steps, to a definite and final state of holiness. No language can adequately express the value of the contribution which is thus made to the formation, the confirmation, and the eternal conservation of a pure and holy character. To the good man habit is an angel of light, ever on the wing, and ever busy in promoting his best interests.

The same principle is equally operative in the history of vice, though entailing very different results. The moment a moral agent moves out in the line of *sin*, his nature receives a distinct proclivity in the direction of sin, increasing with every step he takes; and, if the movement be continued, soon the habit of sin will be formed. Sin will become his master as the effect of habit. Such is the well-known history of all sinners. They grow worse and worse. The habit of sin takes possession of their thoughts, shapes their feelings, determines the type of all their desires, enters into all their modes of happiness, and in this way spreads a fatal contamination over their whole nature. It becomes a deadly poison at the very seat of moral life. The victim dies by slow degrees. Downward he goes by the force of his own depraved gravitation, advancing in the momentum as he descends. Conscience loses its restraining power; new forms of sin invite the eye and fascinate the heart; and thus moral evils in a progressive train [illegible] publish [illegible] in his conscience, and [illegible] thing he would not do to-day he may be just bad enough to do ten years hence. The moment we commit one wrong, we are in the direct line of *all* wrong; and, unless we promptly pause, habit will soon march up a host of such wrongs. An act of filial disobedience may be the first step toward the crime of murder and death on the gallows.

Plain is it that habit is a mighty power in our nature for good when we make virtue our choice; and just as mighty for evil when we make sin our choice. It involves in itself a system of rewards or punishments, according to the character of the habits we form. We can neither cheat the principle nor evade it. Present in every man's nature, and operating in every bosom, it gives a meaning to life and a meaning to action. Life is not a sporting-day, and action is not a trifle. These habits of moral being now forming in every human soul are matters of untold interest—pointing as they do to good or evil in this world, and to the same realities in the next. Slow but sure in their growth, gradually progressive with the march of life, steadily working themselves into the very fibers of personal character, they so distinguish the good from the bad as to necessitate a difference in their destiny. Beings of opposite moral habits are not equally fitted to be denizens of the same world. As they pass from earth, they must file off into different worlds by the elective affinity of their own characters.

We thus see that the distinction which the Bible draws between the righteous and the wicked in the after-life is not arbitrary and fictitious—something that might just as well be avoided; but rather what cannot be avoided without subverting the moral system of the universe. As God has framed the system in which we live, destiny ultimately follows the law of character; that character, as to its formation, follows the law of acquisition; and that acquisition, once completed, becomes a fixture. So the Bible teaches; so reason more than suggests. Trifle with this order of things we may; but to escape its consequences is a task which no man can accomplish.

SABBATH REFORM AND SUNDAY LAWS.

BY REV. A. H. LEWIS.

I HAVE carefully watched the movements of the "New York Sabbath Committee," as the representative oganization in the Sunday-law interest, and beg leave to present one or two results of these observations.

(*a.*) The plan of procedure is faulty. (*b.*) The premises are false. (*c.*) The verdict of history condemns "Sunday laws." (*d.*) The Word of God condemns them as being dishonorable toward the Lord of the Sabbath.

(*a.*) All civil legislation which places the human enactment more prominently before the mind than it does the divine law drags the question down to the human level, strips it of its sacredness, and takes away the power of God's authority. The less cannot regulate the greater. The inferior can never take precedence of the superior, without bringing disaster. The present Sunday-law movement proceeds upon the plea that the state has a right to regulate the observance of the Sabbath. It then *assumes* that Sunday is the Sabbath, with little or no appeal to God's Word; and so leaves only the civil authority as the prominent standard. This is more especially true since all are forced to admit that an appeal to the Bible would end in defeat. Thus men see only a requirement of the state, and not a duty to God, and the true Sabbath idea is lost.

(*b.*) The premises are false in point of fact and in point of logic. The base idea assumes that the Bible teaches the sacredness of the Sunday, in place of the Sabbath. The next step makes the Sunday a separate institution, a sort of compromise between God's Sabbath and no Sabbath, the "Anglo-American Sabbath" of Dr Schaff. Next comes the first idea carried on by making the Sabbath law of the Decalogue the basis on which to build a civil law enforcing observance to the Sunday. In support of the claim that the premise is false in point of fact, it need only be said that the first day of the week is mentioned in the Word of God only seven times; five of these being in connection with the announcement of the resurrection. These give no support to the popular theory concerning the time of the resurrection, or its connection with the Sabbath question. The Bible never unites the two questions, or hints at any union between them. The tradition that Christ rose on the first day of the week is contradicted by the only Evangelist who gives the time (Matt. xxviii., 1). He states that before the Sabbath closed the women came to the sepulcher, and were told by the angel that Christ had already risen. The announcement of this truth, which was confirmed by the events of the next morning, being made during the next day, is the only ground on which the popular idea rests. The book of Acts contains but a single reference to the first day, and the first letter to the Corinthians one. Neither of these refer to the day as commemorative, sacred, or sabbatic. Nor is there any trace of any discussion or practice relative to the change of the Sabbath in all the New Testament history. The few inferences which have been sought from these passages are of modern date, and devoid of any logical connection with the case.

(*c.*) The verdict of history is pointed and clear. Cessation from labor on Sunday began with the pagan legislation of Constantine, March 7, A. D. 321. During the same years the Papacy was born, church and state were united; and by the close of the fifth century the Sabbath was driven out of the body of the church by force of civil law, and the Sunday as the leading weekly festival of the church brought in. A long train of pall-covered centuries follow, during which the church has no Sabbath, and the Sunday no ground of support, aside from human legislation. Since the Reformation the Continental Church of Europe has had, in some places, a somewhat higher type of the church Sunday; but it has borne no better fruitage than a careless no-Sabbathism, and a cold, canting infidelity.

Puritanism took higher ground, and taught the binding force of the Sabbath law, and the application of it to the Sunday. A complete trial of this theory in the American Church has revealed its unsoundness. All outward circumstances were in its favor. A vigorous theology was the support of civil laws conspired to support it. These civil enactments rode on the topmost wave of public opinion, and were rigidly enforced. The "stocks," the "whipping-post," the "cage on Boston Common," the "prison-cell," and the never-relenting "fine," were all familiar to those who dared transgress the Sunday laws of former days. Years have brought more light, and the "Puritan Sunday" is dead, and being buried by a defiant no-Sabbathism, born of its own inconsistencies. Meanwhile, Europe is pouring a more turbid tide of sensual no-Sabbathism upon our shores; and we are sweeping away from God into corruption, ritualism, infidelity. We are repeating what all history has shown, that a Sabbathless people soon become a Godless people. To stem all this tide, the advocates of Sunday law offer the chaff-like opposition of civil enactments, which have no support in

The Lost Image.*

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A STORY.

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CHAPTER XXXV

COUNTERPLOTTING.

IT was at the earnest solicitation of Twitile that Mr. Daltyre returned from Europe so abruptly. Up to the last moment, Mrs. Daltyre hoped to remain with her children; but, discharging them to their studies, she accompanied her husband.

Mr. Langman had succeeded in interesting Mr. Daltyre in his conversation; so much so, indeed, that they were, at the last, a whole day, before he left Rome, in very anxious consultation.

It was with the utmost pain and mortification that Mr. Daltyre accepted what the plain facts asserted—that Mr. Monkton had lain a grand conspiracy to ruin him, and that only the most cautious yet vigorous policy could prevent the catastrophe.

Taking good counsel of Judge Mereplnt, who had traversed most of the ins and outs of law for his own advantage, he quietly took measures to dissolve the partnership, the time to be decided by the legal necessities.

Monkton had embarrassed the firm to the verge of insolvency, and passed the receipts to his private uses. He was plotting with some army contractors to whose paper Mr. Daltyre, at Monkton's instance, as a matter of patriotism, had lent his name. And Monkton was delaying the conclusion only to arrange with his partners in the swindle, so as to secure to himself the lion's share.

Frank Mannerly had returned, disabled for service; and with haste he communicated with Mr. Daltyre, assigning as his reason a presentiment long indulged that Monkton intended him harm.

Frank brought to light many new facts in regard to the management at the store—as to Garp, and his relations with Monkton—and gave the true color to his own unjust persecution.

So fascinated was Mr. Daltyre with Frank's straightforwardness that he retained him as an assistant in his affairs.

As Pat Kartoffelhauser, in the discharge of his duties, overheard the theme of conversation, he disclosed for the first time the real author of Nina's seizure and abduction, as he had ferreted it out and verified it, as it came from the lips of Dick Garp.

A tall gentleman, with an imposing moustache, middle-aged, and always in haste, was frequently closeted with Mr. Daltyre.

So deeply had Monkton laid his snare (each day revealing some new difficulty) that the case required the most judicious management.

Some time passed before Monkton was aware of Daltyre's return. At last he confronted his partner, who received him with profound cordiality, and assured him that, although business was a little dull just at present, yet they would make a good year of it.

Mr. Daltyre, accompanied by the stranger, set out one afternoon to have an interview with Mr. Fattledee, having learned from Pat of his visiting the store with the Image. As they passed near the Cooper Institute, remarking the benevolence it represents:

"There is a gentleman who strongly resembles our friend," smiled Mr. Daltyre.

On alighting from the car, they found the large man in the involuntary act of being weighed. Mr. Fattledee was in the habit of replying to impertinent inquiries as to his avoirdupois:

"I dun know. I never veighs. Last time I weighed it vos von hundred an eighty."

The reply on such occasions quite uniformly was:

"It must have been some time ago, when you were a baby?"

Mr. Fattledee was tall and muscular, as well as corpulent, and was peculiarly sensitive as to his bulk and specific gravity.

On this occasion he had been inveigled on to the hay-scales under the pretense of offering him some bales of hay at a bargain. The deception was managed by two of his old cronies of the market, who had two wagers pending. First, that the old gentleman's present weight could not be obtained; and, secondly, as to the number of pounds.

"Ye see," said Mr. Fattledee, as his friend backed him on to the scales—"ye see, Charlie," taking off his broad-brimmed hat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "there's more hay nor I vant."

"Yes; but, Fattledee," pushing him back as he pressed up in front, while the accomplice balanced the beam, "its such a bargain! And then there's your friend, Fly; he'll take some of it."

"Fly? Ha! ha! Fly! Ha! ha! ha! Vy Fly keeps no horse. Fly! Ha! ha! Can't harness a horse straight. Charley, keep er hands off. Stan' back," carrying away his friend by a push of his hand in front.

Many boys had run together, quick to perceive the fun and noisy to utter their perception, and joined in the laugh of the marketmen, who informed Mr. Fattledee that he had gained some since he was last weighed.

As the roaring became general, Mr. Fattledee apprehended that he had been betrayed into surrendering his secret.

Mr. Daltyre and friend, who paused to take in the scene, and could not suppress a laugh as the large man was stepping away with an elongated and mournful countenance, accosted him.

"You home, Mr. Daltyre?"

"We were in pursuit of you, Mr. Fattledee."

"Singler you should see me."

Mr. Daltyre assured Mr. Fattledee that it was not a very fine optical experiment, especially when he was in such an expressive situation.

How did ye leave the little girl? Cat I calls her."

"Very well, indeed. A lovely creature she has grown to be. You would hardly know her now."

"I vos afraid of that. I'll never forget the mornun I brought her home. Nice girl—werry nice—vos Cat."

"I understood that you called to see me while I was abroad?"

"I did. But Mr-r-r—your partner—you know who—good man—werry religious, an gives a good deal—he did the business."

"Will you allow us to see that Image?"

"Certun. It's up to my house. Ve'll go right up now."

And they took transportation.

"This," said Mr. Daltyre, after Miss Simmers had been appeased by an introduction—"this is the Image that was advertised so long ago, and Monkton was the advertiser."

Examining the contents.

"These papers are rubbish."

"Just as I expected," rejoined the stranger.

"Did Monkton have this Image in his hand?"

"I reckun so. I left it on his table."

"How long?" asked the stranger.

"Till next day, an' then he sent it home. Them papers look to me newer nor ven I left um. But he shewed um all to me, an' I couldn't *see* nothun."

"Evidences of Monkton's villainy start up on every hand."

After several closetings with Mr. Daltyre, the stranger was absent some days from the city.

John Monkton was in the heyday of pleasurable excitement. His business impulses were titulated, as are a gamester's passions at the prospect of great luck, by the grand scheme which was working so smoothly to transfer Daltyre's bank-account to his credit.

"Confound the fool! Why did he return so soon? Time and patience—not too precipitate," said John Monkton.

This filled his business self full of joy.

Clara Stirling was won. A widow without friends or bread might not be expected to resist unto blood so eligible a matrimonial proposition.

"She is won," soliloquized Monkton; "but she relapses, and must be won over again. Was there ever such a woman as she *is*? She *was* more than woman—divine. But she *is* perfection. So gentle, so pure, so true—*too* true to that dead drunkard and his children, which inherited his infamy."

John Monkton's house, so long a prison, had sunlight playing through its opened shutters. The old furniture was auctioned. Modern improvements followed each other so fast that the house was metamorphosed in a jiffy. Masons were pushed aside by carpenters, and carpenters by painters and decorators.

"What can Mr. Monkton be doing with his house?"

"I can't tell," said Miss Ciricle, at the Soldiers' Aid Society. "Since Mrs. Monkton's death he's cleaned out all the old servants, and never asks me there to tea."

Although it was kind of this Miss Ciricle, seamstress, to send bouquet after bouquet—not so very large, yet well selected; and had Mr. Monkton only been possessed of a floral dictionary, to have translated the love-language—"forget-me-nots," "jump-up-johnnies," flashing red roses—which mean—well, no matter—his heart would have been on fire. Miss Ciricle is pardoned for being ambitious "to keep the house together," as she called it, and "run her risk with Monkton, although he was a mighty mysterious man," etc., etc.

But Miss Ciricle was in no peril of John Monkton, bad as he was.

In the renovated house Mr. Monkton took especial delight.

Who was the lady driven there in a carriage one day, to inspect it?

That was the question before the "Soldiers' Aid Society."

Who?

One of the worthy members, who was just packing a fruit cake in a box, with pills, soap, and a New Testament, irretrievably split the cake in leaping to this cheerful conclusion—viz., that

"Mr. Monkton is going to be married, and that's his wife, you may depend."

"Well, if these widowers ain't the most heartless wretches!" ejaculated the disgusted Miss Ciricle. "His wife is hardly cold yet, and I do believe he will dare to marry again."

The wrong which Mr. Monkton contemplated toward the entire female sex, with one exception, so far overtopped his other crimes, that most of them would have forgiven the lesser had he compromised the larger.

"Quietly, quietly, Mr. Monkton. No display, no parade," said the gentle Mrs. Stirling.

"But I would so like to introduce you at once into our circle. I have the first families of the city for friends."

"Do you really know, John, that my poor Gaspar is dead?"

"I have the evidence of the Captain that he saw him buried—repentant at that—and talking of you all the time."

"Anything for peace," said John Monkton, sotto voce.

"Well, the dear children?"

"Are in heaven," said Monkton. "Or, if you think them on earth, you and I will seek them. You will be one of the wealthiest ladies in the city—and the happiest, when you know me better."

"Then we will be wed here in this house, with only witnesses sufficient to sign the certificate."

"Do you require so long as three days to prepare?"

"At the very least."

As the evening approached, and the hour for the clergyman's arrival, Mrs. Stirling was pale with a nervous fear.

Monkton assured her and reassured her of his devoted attachment.

She could not doubt that. But, having once placed her heart, she said it had been carried to the grave—a drunkard's grave at that—but there it was.

The hour arrived. The clergyman did not.

"How *dare* he?" muttered Monkton, knitting the gray brow. "He is readiest to do my will. I am his chief help."

"I will bring him myself."

"No! no!" said Clara Stirling. Wait! I feel that it is providential. I feel dizzy and sick."

"You look like—*yourself*. That's enough. Well, we will rest it to-night on the coming of the minister."

"*Perhaps* he is taken ill," suggested Mrs. Stirling.

"He must have been."

But he was not, as it appeared.

A gentleman called simultaneously with Mr. Monkton's carriage, and informed the clergyman—who had donned his best suit and wore his pleasantest expression, and whose purse was hungry for the *douceur*, and whose wife was just kissing him for good luck and a big fee—that Mr. Monkton would not be married that night; that he would see him in a day or two and explain.

After which the gentleman discharged the driver and went away.

Monkton's pride was touched. He sought no explanation from the recreant minister.

"If you think better that our marriage should be private, so be it. It might defeat the gossips, and your desire is my law, my dearest Clara," said Monkton, a few days after.

"I should greatly prefer it."

"I have it all arranged, then. I know an estimable clergyman—a city missionary—who will rejoice at the privilege; and on Tuesday next we will drive to his dwelling, and, after the ceremony, go immediately to our new home, which by that time will be in readiness."

"Very well. That will be entirely to my taste."

Mr. Chrystal was bespoken.

It was the terrible Tuesday. New York had experienced one day of lawlessness; and, with the momentum of a day's success, Tuesday morning dawned.

Mr. Monkton succeeded in reaching the boarding-house. He had hardly alighted from his carriage, and closed the door behind him, before a man, muffled up as though an invalid, appeared and advised the driver to hasten away, as the rioters were coming.

As the man of the whip was about to obey, Monkton opened the door, and demanded him to remain.

"Come, come, Clara! Hasten!"

Around the corner swooped the mob, bearing banners, drumming on kettles and pans.

The lady hesitated; and, before she could be seated in the carriage, Monkton's discretion conveyed her to the house in time to prevent injury, and the carriage barely made good its escape.

Monkton bit his lips with rage.

"A second time thwarted! What will Chrystal think? We will succeed next time."

(*To be Continued.*)

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, Dec. 30th, 1867, by HENRY C. BANKS.

WINE AND WATER.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

In Cana was a banquet spread;
And Hebrew youths and virgins gay
Thither with joyful footsteps sped,
To share the nuptial holiday.
But darkly drag the weary hours—
The vine no generous tribute pours!
The host deplores, the guests repine,
That water must be drunk for wine.

Old men predict a joyless life,
Foretokened by a want so rare;
That sorrow, wretchedness, and strife
Await the young and wedded pair.
The bride was sad, the bridegroom frowned,
And dashed his goblet on the ground;
When lo! there came a Guest Divine
And turned the water into wine!

And thus it is that *they* are blest
Who now their troths in wedlock plight—
They bid the self-same Blessed Guest,
They ask His presence, grace, and light;
Then, though Affliction's storm may lower,
And sorrow darken many an hour,
That ever-tarrying Guest Divine
Shall turn Life's water into wine!

But those who rush profanely on,
Who lightly speak the solemn vow,
Nor ask nor wish that God's dear Son
Their homes with blessing should endow—
Those souls shall find the joy of life
Clouded by wretchedness and strife;
Their lamp of love shall dimly burn,
Their wine shall into water turn!

PRESBYTERIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL "PLAN OF UNION."

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

THE "Plan of Union" formed in 1801 between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists was designed for the condition of things which then existed in the new settlements in New York and Ohio. The regions in which those churches were situated were new and sparsely settled, and both Congregational and Presbyterian churches were few and feeble. There were scarcely any local Congregational associations, and no general state bodies, to form bonds of union and to be mediums of correspondence with other portions of the denomination. Now, however, the former are numerous and increasing; and there are in the states of New York and Ohio large and influential general associations, holding fraternal intercourse and co-operating with other representative Congregational bodies throughout the United States.

There is, then, no good reason, as there was once supposed to be, why Congregational churches in those states should be longer organically connected with another denomination, either for the sake of fellowship or co-operation in usefulness. The tendency of the times now is a combination together of all the various churches and ecclesiastical bodies of similar views and governmental polity, for the increase of strength and influence. Under this impulse the numerous branches of the Presbyterian family are gradually coalescing; and will, doubtless, at no distant day, become amalgamated. Already the General Assemblies of the Old and New School sections have agreed on a basis of reunion. In that basis reference is had to the Congregational churches connected with the latter; and it is clearly apparent that this relation is both anomalous and embarrassing to the movement for union. It is, therefore, declared in that basis that

"Imperfectly-organized churches (meaning Congregational) shall be *counseled* and *expected* to become *thoroughly Presbyterian* as early within the period of five years as is permitted by the highest interests to be consulted; and no other such churches shall hereafter be received."

Thus the question is distinctly presented to Congregational churches so situated whether they will withdraw from their present relation, or change their organization and become "thoroughly Presbyterian," or remain in a relation which is embarrassing to both parties. They are distinctly told what Presbyterians *expect* of them; and this action of the Assemblies authorizes, and even requires, members of presbyteries to "counsel" them to change their polity.

In accordance with this, the Otsego Presbytery, at its meeting in June, on being notified that the Congregational church of Richfield Springs had "perfected" its organization by becoming Presbyterian, adopted the following minute (see *N. Y. Evangelist* of July 2):

Resolved, That we rejoice at its prompt action in this direction, and recommend to all our churches in like relations and circumstances to follow their worthy example.

These plans of union churches, then, are not to be left, as heretofore, to enjoy quietly their own chosen polity; but a disturbing element is to be introduced into them, unless they promptly forestall it by withdrawal. Self-respect, then, and a regard to their own peace, as well as to the harmony and interests of the Presbyterian denomination, would seem to dictate action on the part of these churches at once. Such a course will leave the Presbyterians unembarrassed in their movement for consolidation, and will bring the Congregational churches into organic union and fellowship with those of their own denomination. The fact that "no other churches are hereafter to be received" on the old basis is a recognition that the grounds and reasons for the old plan of union have passed away; and that, being no longer adapted to the times and the circumstances of the churches, it should also pass away as to existing compromise churches.

The connection of the Congregational churches with presbytery is, in many cases, a merely formal one. Such churches do not really add to the strength of the Presbyterian denomination; while, on the other hand, they are not officially known as a part of the Congregational body. The result is that their real moral influence is to a great extent neutralized, when it should be a felt power. It seems, then, to be desirable that such churches should either become decidedly Presbyterian, or dissolve their anomalous connection with that denomination and unite with the great Congregational body, with which they naturally affiliate, and help to augment its power to do good. Some of the churches are taking this view of the subject, and coming out from presbytery to unite with associations—such as those at Camden, Homer, New Haven, Danby, Groton, etc.—in this state; while a few are adopting the Presbyterian system in full, and becoming integral parts of that denomination.

BOBBETT'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. F. W. BEECHER.

OUR little Dutch girl is dead. Once I should not have thought of going to her funeral; now it is different. She had been called suddenly to go up from her rubbishy home; to leave the dreary yard of cabbages and rude flowers; to leave her own squalid little dress, and shoes, and miserable jag of a shawl; and meet—what wonders! what gates of light! what children smiling out from golden hair! what robes, white and spotless!

She had been called out from her mother's rough working arms, into the soft care of angels—up to the refinements of heaven. Her father spoke to me when she lay sick, and I went over quickly. She had asked for me all along, her mother said—for five days saying over my name; and they had not told me! I saw Tony, with his sandy hair, on my way, playing in the gutter, with a new importance on him.

"My little sister's going to die," he said, and smiled so weirdly I knew not how to interpret him. She lay, when I found her, in the uncomfortable room—a desolate poverty look there—and a few of the commonest Dutch people hovered about her. Her mother brought in her armful of wood, casting it on the floor; and then coming to stand at her side, in her worn and colorless apron and old hood, the tears coursing down her pale, tired face—a picture of agony. It was past the time when anything could be done for the child; it was past the time when she might have testified that she recognized me, and loved me, and thanked me for the few stray playthings I have given her—my lost boy's picture-book, or fragments left from our church festivals, or bits from our donation parties.

She was past. She had no look for me, no smile. She was going—poor little Bobbett—to grander, better things than these. Oh, wonderful! The shabby child—stretched sufferingly on the dingy patch-work quilt, with those homely but sincerely weeping eyes about her—was passing swiftly to the shining vision of Christ himself. Let her pass. We had no wish to retain her.

Even her mother—working for her, rough in feature, and in resource, and in touch, rough in conception—even she must have dimly conceived the glory to which Bobbett was hastening, and have had no heart to retain her. I thought of so many things as I stood and looked at her silently. Her face was emaciated now, her eyes were rolled up, and her eyelids working in spasm. When this should cease she would be beyond all pain.

I remembered her chubby, healthful face—not cleanly—as I had last seen it in my own little parlor, gazing round at the books, and pictures, and gilded looking-glass, as though they had been the costliest and handsomest in the world—they were to her poor little eyes—and sitting with her small brown hand clasped on the basket in which she had brought me something; a pretty image—unwashed, to be sure—of curiosity, and love, and childhood. I remember some one looking up, and saying: "She could be made so pretty! She has pretty eyes; don't you think so?" But I should not have known her for Bobbett of the brown eyes now.

That old scrag of a Christmas-tree they had once fixed in this very room. Why had I not fixed a better one for them? All the bits of candy I had ever given almost, the doll, the least thing saved, and put upon it, and the tree standing day after day, till the candy gathered dust, for Tony and Bobbett to feast their eyes upon. Well, her next Christmas-tree should be better. Not in so dusty a place, poor little Bobbett. No, no.

With a spasm of her chin and mouth, Bobbett took up the bright song of that better shore, and left her picture-book, and her doll, and her playthings, here forever.

The next day we went over to see the body, and to say a word of comfort, if we could. There were no Dutch women; only the mother sweeping her desolate kitchen, and muttering to herself. Her English was bad; but with the heaviest accent of pain, as she swept, I heard her say, "God! Mine God." "God kill my little girl," she said; "God kill my little girl." There was a desolation in her manner that was terrible. There was no sun, or light, or wholesome thing in the house; and I could think of nothing to say before the struggle of her rude sorrow. We went in with her to the front room. I suppose it was her parlor; for the child lay in it on some boards, and she gave the child the best she had. A sheet covered her solemnly from head to foot. The mother drew it down. It was a corpse—a thin, dreadful, unlovely corpse. I saw no trace of Bobbett—no roundness, no dimples, not a single familiar line. It was all that was left, though; and the mother clasped it, and kissed it, and talked to it, as none but a mother could. We stole softly away; but we thought we would go to Bobbett's funeral. We knew what time it would be, and started for the little church in advance of the party who bore the body on in a rough wagon, over a rough ground.

We saw no preparations that had been made, with the exception of the church-door standing open a little way, and offering us ready entrance. It was a very humble church, with rude benches, uncarpeted; but with the emblems one usually sees in a church of the Catholic faith—the cheap decorations, and crosses, and pictures of the apostles—strung around the walls. A bell-rope dangled down in the space near the door. And, when the funeral party came in, instead of threading the aisle—as I had expected—and depositing the coffin near the altar, they stopped in that space by the door; and there the coffin was set down, directly under the bell-rope. No one saw the body; the coffin was closed, and remained so. A little huddle of Dutch women sat down, the mourning mother in the midst; and two priests stood up over the coffin, alternately gabbling out of a book in a singsong tone and pulling the bell-rope, so that the bell rang harshly and constantly, and helped to drown what little might have been distinguished of what they read, or chanted, or gabbled. It was in Latin, of course, and great consolation.

What consolation it must have been we judged, as our Dutch woman rocked and moaned, with her baby under her shawl, and that pale, tired face of hers, which the women about her slapped—when she moaned the loudest slapping her about the mouth still more; when, the ceremony being through, she staggered up to see little Bobbett borne off, never to be seen by her again.

I saw them getting into the wagons and riding over the rough ground on a bleak day. I saw the Dutch woman, in her great bonnet and clumsy shawl, last; but I have seen her since. I speak with her over the fence when I see her working in her garden; and she tells me she can't stay in the house, she thinks of her little girl so. She works hard and long.

She speaks to me, and she has reached up and kiss my face; and she has kissed the face of my new-born babe. I do not feel that she has contaminated me. I know what she thinks, and why she kissed me. We have each a child in heaven.

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. J. L. JENKINS.

THERE has long been a broad diversity of views among Christians as to the logical and chronological order of the various steps or phases of religious experience. Calvinists and Arminians have viewed the subject from opposite extremes, and each has reversed the theoretical method of the other. The high Calvinist insists that religious life begins with the sovereign regeneration, not of a believer, but of an elect, person; and that justification, faith, and repentance follow necessarily in its train in the order of time.

The Arminian contends stoutly that religious experience is a strict chronological gradation, beginning always with repentance, and followed in due and invariable order with faith, justification, regeneration, adoption, and sanctification. He goes still further, and claims that these various steps of progressive Christian life are clearly defined and distinctly separated from each other, and that in this particular order they pass through an enlightened Christian consciousness.

It would be easy to infer, if it were not a matter of observation and record, that both of these representations of religious experience are calculated to create confusion in the minds of young and immature persons—and, indeed, all classes as well—and rear formidable obstacles in the way of their progress. Unable to compress their newly awakened and intense feeling into these theological molds; failing to realize a clear consciousness of such distinct and separate phases of spiritual life; they have doubted the genuineness of their convictions, and conceived themselves to be victims of a fatal delusion, rather than that God's "dear children," though housed in a "feeble frame." The blame of this practical wrong must be laid upon those theological doctors who have insisted upon minutely anatomizing the living body of biblical divinity. They have insisted upon carrying things to the last possible analysis. They have been eager to trace each quivering nerve and separate each vital filament. They have found doctrinal solvents for every part of the concrete body of living divinity; but, alas! they have furnished no chemical reagents. The chemist can make an artificial heat that will transform the Kohinoor to an impalpable gas; but he could not rear again that "mountain of light." The scholastics and earlier doctors were correct in claiming Latin to be the proper language for exact theological disquisition; let all such infinitesimal analyses be consigned to the venerable crypts of that ancient tongue.

It is not difficult to see that religious experience is and must be an organic unity. Every form of life has a concrete oneness; and a spiritual life, being the highest type of life to be found among men, must have that oneness to the fullest extent. This unity of Christian experience is comprehensively expressed by the word salvation. If, then, Christian life in its internal aspect is a concrete, organic unity, neither the Calvinistic nor Arminian representation of it is correct. This will appear more fully by examining the terms that describe the various phases of religious progress in detail. Beginning with the one which occurs first in the order of thought, it is obvious that *repentance* can take place only in connection with faith; and, conversely, faith cannot be exercised without repentance. The measure of the one is and must ever be the measure of the other. They always reciprocally imply each other. Then faith, being the condition of justification, necessarily implies it. And just in proportion as a person believes, to precisely the same extent is he justified. Justification, then, is always implied in faith, and faith in justification. But it is still further obvious that just so far as an individual repents, believes, and is justified, to exactly the same extent he becomes a new creature—or, in other words, is born of the Spirit. Hence regeneration is contemporaneous with repentance, faith, and justification. The process of the argument now becomes very easy. In becoming a new creature by being born of the Spirit, the subject of this gracious change is made a son of God by receiving the spirit of adoption. And, to cut short the argument, all the processes yet referred to are so many means or elements of sanctification. Thus all these scriptural terms used to describe the course of the new life—faith, repentance, justification, regeneration, adoption, sanctification—mutually and necessarily imply each other. They are not disconnected experiences, each having completeness and unity in itself; but are only phases of one great integral process—the passing of the soul from death to life. They describe different points of view of one grand phenomena, different manifestations of the one central life of God in the soul.

There is a current misconception of the relation of Christian experience to time. Saving faith is not a single act, but rather a continuous process, of the believing soul. Regeneration is not necessarily, following the analogy of the term, instantaneous; it may extend over a life-time. The accomplishment of sanctification is the object and work of a whole life. The actual relation of an internal spiritual experience to the lapse of time is very remote indeed; but, in conceiving of that process, the element of time must always mingle with our thoughts.

This view of the unity and integrity of a genuine Christian experience has the advantage of simplicity, and, what may be still better, that of truth. The vast majority of believers are not able to realize the theological definitions and conceptions of repentance, faith, etc., in their personal experience. They find it impossible to take up first one, and then another, and dispatch them in a prearranged chronological order, until the series is completed and the work all done with scientific precision. The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it. And because they cannot adapt themselves to this Procrastes bed they spend much of their life in disquiet and torture.

But it would seem that, if the analytic refinements of our balanced systems were left out, and religious experience were held forth in its grand simplicity and concrete unity—if repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, adoption, and sanctification were represented as only so many different phases of the one divine life of God in the human soul—Christian minds would be relieved of a multitude of difficulties, and Christian character become more simple, symmetrical, and perfect.

AN ex-governor of Ohio, noted as an advocate of total abstinence, once had his sympathies aroused by an unfortunate who had buried three wives. "The Lord has indeed deeply afflicted you," said the governor. The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Y-yes, he has," and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me; for as fast as he took one I took another."

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP is in Adelaide, Australia; and, after giving a series of concerts there, will visit the other colonies.

—The population of France is, in round numbers, 38,000,000 human beings, 5,000,000 cows, 4,000,000 calves, 4,000,000 swine, 3,000,000 horses, and 2,000,000 oxen.

—It is sometimes said that cricket is the only game which is lawful in England on Sunday; but four Leominster boys were lately fined a shilling each for playing cricket on the Sabbath.

—In 1835 the total number of scholars in the various schools of Greece was less than 4,000. In 1866 the total had increased to 76,000, while the University of Athens has 1,200 students and 62 professors.

—Europe is at peace, yet her armies number almost 4,000,000, and cost almost $450,000,000 a year. This is without counting the loss from mere drone bees, which contribute no honey to the hive.

—It is asserted that the Pope intends to send invitations to the chief Greek and Anglican dignitaries to sit in the General Council which he has called for next year. It is hardly probable that he will do so.

—The postage of circulars in France is much more moderate than in this country. A thousand copies can be sent to any part of the Empire for two dollars, whereas the postage here would be ten times as much.

—The Swedish scientific polar expedition was to sail from Gottenburg last Wednesday. Accompanying the expedition are four zoölogists, two botanists, a geologist, and one able to take observations in physical science.

—A vessel has arrived in Honolulu with 148 Japanese immigrants. This is regarded in the Sandwich Islands as the beginning of a great movement. A few hours after the arrival of the vessel the Board of Immigration had application for all the Japanese laborers.

—A sure specific for Fenianism has been discovered. It is a royal palace in Erin. The committee of the House of Commons, to which was referred the proposition to buy the Prince of Wales a suitable residence in Ireland, has reported favorably upon the subject.

—The good-nature of the King of Portugal is shown by a story to the effect that, while he was deer-shooting, a peasant asked leave to drink the blood of a newly-shot stag, according to the prescription of his physician. His Majesty said, in Portuguese: "Come along with me," and shot down a fine buck for the purpose.

—A general election is now expected to take place in France this year. The country is all astir with the preparation of the different parties; and the *Patrie* asserts that the prefects will successively visit Paris early in July to report to government the state of feeling among the population with regard to the elections.

—It is asserted that in the north of Prussia the public officers, which distribute relief to those suffering from famine, refuse in most districts all aid to Baptists, many of whom are among the poorest of the poor. Such a disgraceful fact shows that even enlightened Prussia needs to be instructed in the first principles of religious liberty.

—The English captives in Abyssinia are recovering from the anxieties of their long imprisonment, and a few gray hairs will be all the souvenirs they bring back from Magdala. The Germans are, however, taking back to the fatherland beautiful glossy Abyssinian wives, and children as robust and noisy as those over whom the brawling Rhine throws its spray.

—The health officer for Bombay, in his report for 1867, says of the 816,562 inhabitants of Bombay 61,904 belong to the non-flesh-eating castes; and, while the general mortality amounts to 1.89 per cent., the mortality among them is 2.05 per cent., and this although they belong to the higher orders of society. But the lower classes eat less meat than the oat-porridge peasantry of Scotland.

—In a late debate in the House of Commons, on the 26th, Lord Robert Montague, head of the Education Board, in illustrating one of his arguments, referred to "Sennacherib's seventeen lean kine." A great deal of amusement was caused by the blunder; but Lord Robert went on with his speech, apparently quite unconscious of the gross ignorance which he displayed.

—The English revenue returns show a falling off of £453,000 for the last quarter. This excludes the income tax, which is heavier than last year. The commercial depression has told more heavily on the French revenue. The taxes are in France as high as the people can bear, and the government hardly knows where to turn for money. The Continental powers stubbornly refuse to adopt the only wise policy, that of disarmament.

—The late extreme heat has brought out the defects of the asphaltum pavements of Paris. Whilst walking over them, the foot sinks in, as it would do on soppy turf in winter; walking-sticks and umbrellas take root and stand upright; and repairs are so constantly needed that the most frequented streets are chronically redolent of the smell of boiling pitch. A newspaper correspondent states that he saw a lady, in a most ravishing costume, literally stuck fast in the asphalte, and that she had to be cut out by the sword of a sergeant-de-ville.

—The church and state are likely to come into open conflict in Austria. The Prince Archbishop of Olmutz has issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese, in which he instructs them that civil marriages, and civil tribunals for the settlement of matrimonial questions, cannot be recognized by the church. "Catholics who enter into a so-called civil marriage, if they do not repent and give satisfaction, shall be denied the sacraments and Christian burial." If burials are forced in consecrated ground, the churchyard is to be considered as desecrated, and not again entered by a priest till consecrated anew.

—The project is revived in England of tunneling the Channel to France. Evidence has been obtained that the soil over which the sea flows is white chalk, gray chalk, and green sand further below. This fact was ascertained by borings on the English and French coasts. The two points on each side of the Channel being not more than twenty miles from each other, it is but reasonable to suppose that the same material will form the submarine soil from coast to coast. The chalk can be easily worked, and the expense is placed at $50,000,000 gold—twice the cost of the Abyssinian war.

—Queen Victoria sent the following telegram to the King of Germany, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Luther at Worms: "Pray express to the committee for the erection of the Luther memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task. Protestant England cordially sympathizes with an occasion which unites the Protestant princes and peoples of Germany." Despite all the efforts for an "Anglican" revival during the past few years, England is still "Protestant England"; and Disraeli showed no little of his characteristic astuteness in inserting that expression in Her Majesty's dispatch. It is a part of his policy to foster the "No Popery" cry.

—Bribery is common enough in the elections for the English Parliament; but it has rarely been so thoroughly exposed as in a late case at Bristol. This city had previously returned a Liberal member by a large majority; but the Conservative member was elected at the last polls. On investigation, it was proved that one man had bribed 50 persons himself, and been the means of bribing 150 others. A body of men, known as Horder's gang, sold themselves at 10*s.* apiece. Others were made drunk, and took false oaths, and personated electors; they appear to have received as little as 6*s.*, but then they had plenty to drink all the time. Some appear to have sold themselves cheap. One says he only got half-a-crown; but it appears that [illegible]

MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE London Missionary Society received last year no less than forty-four offers of service from young men willing to engage in pioneer Christian labor.

—The Methodists have inaugurated a mission among the Chinese in San Francisco, and Bishop Thompson has appointed Rev. Otis Gibson, who was for several years a missionary in China, to take charge of this work.

—We find the following analysis in a report in a Baptist paper: "Our association is composed of three sorts of Baptists. 1. Missionary; very few. 2. Anti-missionary; quite a number. 3. Omissionary; a great many. The last class, we believe, is not confined to the Baptist denomination.

—At the late General Synod of the Dutch Reformed body, large accessions to the foreign missionary churches were reported. More men are very much needed. Two men and three ladies have offered to go to the foreign field, if the Board can send them. There is a debt of $16,000, and the estimate for next year is $92,000.

—American capital has been used in Syria not so much in trade as in active philanthropy. A traveler says: "I believe that a cargo of American alcohol has never reached Syria; but missionaries, and teachers, and printing-presses come here. And the increase of civilization and Christianity, and especially of education, during the last 30 years, prove that they have done their work faithfully and well."

—The total receipts of the American Home Missionary Society since its organization in 1826 have been $5,210,823 68. The total years of missionary labor have been 25,706. The whole number of additions to the mission churches has been 198,165. There were 908 ministers in commission last year; and the expense for a year of missionary labor has averaged $204, against $127 in 1827. Of these laborers 307 are in New England, 73 in the Middle States, 7 in the Southern States, and 521 in the Western States and Territories.

—There is an eccentric "bush missionary" in Australia, who lately visited the Moravian laborers. They say of him:

"He goes by the assumed name of William. He wishes from conscientious motives to be addressed solely by this name. He carries on the Saviour's work among the laboring men at the stations, who are most wounded by drunkenness. In his walk and conversation it may be seen that the love of Christ constraineth him. He is not sent out by any party, will accept of no presents, travels on foot more than 2,000 miles annually, and, if a horse or vehicle is offered him, he will not make use of it. All his habits of life are very simple. Our intercourse with him was very instructive and edifying."

—The Moravians laboring among the native Australians, at a station called Bethlehem, seem greatly encouraged. They have induced a few to plant gardens, and several have given up their huts and built log-houses, and one has built a stone house. Their diary for Oct. 23d says: "The blacks' diet at present consists mainly of mice, large lizards, and snakes. Mice are so numerous that a meal consisting of from forty to eighty is soon provided, this work falling to the lot of the women, while the men spend their time mainly in sleeping." They have a way of adorning their ears with strings made of the tails of numerous rats and mice. A mission field, truly!

—The group of islands called *Samoa* by the natives, and Navigator's Islands on many maps, has a population of 34,700. They were first visited by missionaries of the London Society, in 1836; though Mr. Williams and some Tahitian teachers were there a few years earlier. Now the whole nation professes Christianity; a third of the population can read; 5,000 adults have been received to church-fellowship, and 4,000 more are candidates for the same privilege. Contributions for the support of native teachers amount to $10,000, and $5,000 in cash are contributed annually to the London Missionary Society. Where commerce was before unknown, an export trade of some $250,000 now exists.

—The death of the late Queen of Madagascar will probably not affect the English mission unfavorably. The chief conspirators appear to have been heathen; but a number of Christians—how many is not known—were also implicated, and have been arrested by the government, which has acted with great vigor in repressing the insurrection. The new sovereign proclaimed her intention to maintain the policy of her predecessor. The missionaries, who are greatly distressed by these occurrences, do not appear to have been in danger, and have received messages of friendship and encouragement from the government; and, though it is to be deplored that any of the Christians should have been betrayed into conduct so dishonorable and disastrous, it is to be hoped that the treason of a few may not be the cause of diminishing the liberty or damaging the reputation of the true and loyal portions of the community.

—A correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, writing from Beirut, speaks most favorably of the efficiency of the Syrian Protestant College, and especially of its medical department:

"The two medical professors already at work have attended to more than seven hundred and fifty cases in the dispensary of the college, for the benefit of the medical students. As this medical service to the poor is gratuitous, it is even more beneficial to the country than to the college. Another chair, that of surgery, is now in a fair way of being endowed. The professor, Dr. George E. Post, of New York, has already secured a considerable sum in America; and a large contribution will be obtained in England, through the efforts of Mr. John Heugh, who has offered to raise half the endowment in England if the other half can be raised in America. A site for the permanent buildings of the college has been purchased; and it is hoped that, when an effort is made to collect a building-fund, the friends of education in the East will lend a helping hand. It is not easy to estimate the influence of such a college as this, and that under the presidency of Dr. Martin in China, on the future of the Arab and Chinese peoples."

—The Garo Mission of the American Baptist Union is one that has lately developed a remarkable success. The Garo (*Gā-ro* on some maps) country is a tract of 25,000 square miles, situated about 350 miles northeast of Calcutta, between the Brahmapootra River and Assam, and has a population of 75,000. Their language and habits ally them with the aboriginal population, who were conquered and nearly exterminated by some ancient irruption from the north, tribes of whom are found scattered here and there, in mountain fastnesses or distant retreats, whither they fled to escape destruction. In this respect they resemble the Celtic tribes of Europe, who were driven to Ireland, or the highlands of Scotland, or the further shores of Brittany or Wales; or still more they remind us of the yet more ancient Magyars of Hungary or the Iberian Basques. In fact, their dwellings and those of the Karens of Burmah are built on piles, like those of the aboriginal lake-dwellers of Switzerland. It is among this aboriginal population that the greatest success has been met with by our missionaries. It is so in Travancore, in Madura, among the Koles, and among the Karens; while but few of the true Hindoo race have received the Gospel. Conversions among this higher class are rather sporadic than gregarious. The Baptists sent their first laborers—two Garos, converted while away from their native country—four years ago. The policy has been to have all the missionary work done by natives, except as the missionaries baptize the first converts, organize them into a church, and ordain

The Children's Column.

TOPPLE AND MUFF.

BY GRANDMA GAGE.

ONCE upon a time a very foolish speckled hen made her nest under a pile of boards in a woodhouse; thinking, no doubt, if hens think at all, that a dozen round stones which had been thrown there together, in a little hollow, were as good as eggs. She laid among these stones one egg, and, after sitting upon this hard nest the usual time, hatched into life a beautiful white chick that immediately set up its peep, peep, peep, chicken fashion, calling out the whole household to ascertain its whereabouts.

It was a jolly Spring day for Tom and Nannie when they found little Topple, as they at once named him, peeping about the nest of old Speckle. Many a merry laugh they had over her motherly cradle-song, chur-ur-ur-r-r-r.

Of course, our two small people did just as you would have done, my little men and women. They wanted a whole pint of Indian-meal every morning, also all the crumbs and bits of meat from the table; and Nannie, our little blue-eyed darling, insisted on saving from her breakfast a bit of beefsteak for old Speckle. But old Speckle liked the corn-meal dough a great deal better, and only ruffled her feathers and spread her wings as the choice morsel was thrown from the hand of our pet on to her very back. If old Speck—"the cross old thing," as Nannie called her—did not like it, Pussy did, and ventured to walk up and take it from the disturbed plumage.

It happened that Speckle and Pussy were quite good friends, having shared the crumbs from the same table for some months; and it was not at all strange that Pussy should set up housekeeping under the same pile of boards, not a foot away from the home of Madame Speckle, in a neatly-hollowed spot, amid plenty of feathers and bits of tow, where in previous days some respectable hen had deposited her pearly treasures. Here, one beautiful April morning, little Muff was found, to the intense delight of the children. Never was there such a perfect little roly poly as Muff; and she was an only daughter, as Topple was an only son. And their mothers, being truly provided for, had nothing in the world to do, but love them and cluck and turr over them. No wonder they grew fat and lively as fast as ever chick or kit did in this world.

Nannie took a fancy to Topple; but Tom insisted that Muff was ten times prettier. Between them the favorites were well cared for. Morn, noon, and night, there was a contest which should be first to feed the darlings. And, of course, the food was thrown so near the nests that Mother Speckle and Mother Pussy had to eat at the same table, and their little ones would often snatch at the same bit; and Topple would peck and pull at a piece of meat while Mrs. Pussy was holding it fast in her teeth, and, if she did growl a wee bit of reproof now and then, Topple did not heed it in the least.

Six weeks sped away very quickly. Topple began to stretch up his head and look about the world, and threatened to crow; when, one night, what should old Speckle do but leave her humble home in the woodshed, and fly into a cherry tree near by, having Mr. Topple to take care of himself. He tried very hard to reach his mamma, and cried himself hoarse, hoping she would come down. But she only clucked and scolded; and finally poor, grieved Topple followed little Muff into the be-hown of Mrs. Pussy, and, snuggling down beside his little playmate, he ran his bill into the fur on Pussy's neck; and she, good, motherly creature, licked his head with her long, soft tongue, and purred away as if she would say:

"Never mind, my little fellow, Mamma Speckle only wants to get a little fresh air; just go to sleep with my little Muff. Don't you see how happy she is to have you? She's a poor little thing, that hasn't any brother or sister; so stay with us, and we'll take care of you."

Poor little Topple peeped woefully a few times; but he was so tired running all day with his mamma, and scratching for bugs and worms, that he soon fell asleep, and did not waken till morning.

Madame Speckle was highly pleased with the turn of affairs; and before breakfast was seen promenading toward the stable with Mr. Cochin China, who strutted majestically and spread his magnificent black tail, to the great admiration of Mother Speckle, who smoothed her feathers and looked as coquettish and young as possible.

Well, the long and short of the story is, that in a week she had forgotten Topple altogether, built a new nest in the haymow, and might be heard every day singing her "Cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut," Mr. Cochin adding the bass.

About two weeks later, Squire Grimalkin invited Miss Pussy, one moonshiny night, to a concert under the balcony of the "United States Hotel," which she accepted, leaving Topple and Muff alone. Strange to say, Mother Pussy was never heard of afterward. The children were sadly grieved; but, like other young people, made the best of it, and stood by each other day and night. Muff had grown into a charming kitten, a real Maltese, but with a white-tipped tail and a spot like a pearl breastpin under her chin.

Topple was stretching up into a famous Shanghai, and now began to feel his chickenhood degraded by *roosting* on the ground; so one night up he flew on to the beam of the woodhouse. Muff mewed, and purred, and capered her prettiest; but Topple was decided, and would not come down. He walked back and forth, chuckled lovingly, lifted his head up and down; till, at last, giving up hope of winning her to his side that way, he hopped on to a perch about half way down. Up went Miss Muff to the top of the ash-barrel, and thence with a bound to Topple's side; and when he clapped his wings and flew back, she followed him as dutifully as a wife need to, and both nestled down upon the beam in loving, satisfied tranquillity.

When Muff caught her first mouse, she ran in haste and laid it at the feet of Topple. He did not seem to quite understand it; but he bid his ignorance, as many others do, by assuming an air of wisdom, lifted his head, clapped his wings, and sent out a tremendous "Cock-a-doodle-doo," at which Muff was entirely satisfied, and proceeded to devour her victim, giving a pretty growl, which I suppose meant fun.

She also was unwilling to share his repast when he scratched up an angle-worm and laid it before her with a coaxing chuckle. But, although they differed, they were never known to quarrel.

I think they comprehended the principles of spheres and rights much better than some politicians. When he chose to wallow in the onion-bed, she seemed to look on in wonder and disgust at his proclivity for dirt; but often, when he had shaken himself and plumed his feathers, she leaped upon his back, and he, delighted, strutted off with his precious load, the happiest chicken that ever was seen.

Topple and Muff became the wonder and talk of the town. Hundreds of people came to look at them and admire their devotion. Spring passed into Summer, Summer into Autumn, Autumn into Winter. Still no abatement of love was discoverable between the friends. Muff took her place on the beam every night, though the winds blew and the tempest howled. Just before Christmas, one cold morning, we heard the voice of mourning at the door.

Topple was gone. Some wicked person had stolen our hero. Every effort commensurate with his value was made to recover him; but he, doubtless, had gone to the Christmas chicken's grave.

Poor little Muff! It was pitiful to hear her mew, as she wandered about disconsolate for many a day. But time heals all wounds; and before May-day came round again we found our pet in the old nest, with two of the prettiest kittens nestled beside her. They consoled her for the loss of Topple. She was our faithful mouser for many a year, but never again fell in love with a chicken.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE INDIANS.

I WONDER how many of the little people who search for the "Children's Column" in THE INDEPENDENT have learned or read anything about the Indians? Does my question so remind you of geography, or history, that you want to raise your hand in answer, as you do in school? But no good fairy has given me an invisible cap, enabling me to see and be in all places at once; so all the reply I can hope for will be the interest I trust my little story may awaken. If, for a few minutes, bright eyes are poring over the paper, picking out the words (which I promise, dear children, shall not be very big ones), or perhaps little ears are listening while papa, or some kind friend, reads to them, then my object in writing will be fully accomplished. I am not going to make my story a very long one, for I know you would not like that. The Indians I want to tell you about live in the region around about our Great Lakes, as we call them. As the settlements of the whites have driven the red men out, the United States Government has pretended to pay them for the lands they leave, and has given them grants, or charters, for new uninhabited districts further west. Many of the tribes have settled around these lakes. The Sioux are the most numerous and powerful tribe in this region. They live in huts or tents, made of bark and skins of animals, dried and spread over long poles. These tents are never more than ten feet square, and yet sometimes a family of six or eight will live in this small space. An opening is generally left in the top of the tent, which answers for a chimney; and here they cook, eat, sleep, and work. They live principally by hunting and fishing, and the women (or squaws, as they are called) do nearly all the work. I am sure you would laugh to see how the babies are tended. The Indian calls his baby a "pappoose." I guess you have all heard the old song, "Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top," etc.; well, I never thought what it meant until I saw these Indian children. For a cradle they use a straight board, about as long as the child, upon which the little creature is laid upon its back and strapped fast, so that it cannot fall off. In the end where the head comes a hoop is put across, like the half of a barrel-hoop, and by this the cradle can be hung to a tree. So there hangs poor baby, rocking with the wind, away up where the breeze plays among the leaves, and the birds go twittering back and forth carrying food to their little ones. But all this is not what I most want to tell you. The Island of Mackinaw is situated just where the waters of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior meet; and once a year the Government agent goes there to pay the Indians the portion allowed them by the United States. I happened to be there at one of these yearly gatherings. The Indians—whole families of them—came in their canoes from all parts of the lakes. And, would you believe it, the *women* did the rowing, while the men lay back drinking and smoking. And when they landed on the beach the women put up the tents. The poor squaws seemed to think it all right. They do not know how different their position would be if they were more civilized. We would think it pretty hard to work so for a lazy husband! When all the tents were pitched there must have been thirty or forty. In this company was a young man, about twenty years of age, who was very sick; and the Indians took advantage of there being so many together to have what they called a "medicine-meeting," for the purpose of trying to cure the invalid. Of course, we all turned out to see the sight, for the meeting was to be held in the open air. There were two or three medicine-men, as their doctors are called; and I will try to tell you how they treated their patient. All the old Indians, male and female, formed in a circle, sitting crosslegged on the ground. A mat was spread in the center, and on this the patient was placed. He managed to sit up; but it was painful to see him, for he was so weak that he gasped for breath, and seemed dying all the time. A keg of whisky was not far off, and from this the members of the meeting were so well supplied that before many minutes they were all pretty boisterous. The doctors each had a medicine-bag, which consisted of a *snake-skin*, dried and ornamented with beads. They commenced a tramp around and around the victim, while the company sang, or rather *howled*. One man had what looked like a piece of stove-pipe, with a piece of sheep-skin stretched over it, upon which he beat with a stick; another had a whistle; and these instruments helped along the music. Thus they invoked the blessing of their Great Spirit. Every little while one of the medicine-men would stop, and, taking the patient by the shoulders, shake him, push him over on his face, stretch him on his back, and bump him up and down, until it seemed as if life was nearly shaken out of him. Each medicine-man in turn went through with the same performance. They then each gave him what looked to us like common white beans; which he did not swallow, but would hold in his mouth, while the doctors gesticulated, and punched, and pounded him as before. Fortunately the poor fellow was allowed a drink of whisky every few minutes, which perhaps prepared him somewhat for the rough handling he received. At last he was lifted up, and was supported while he traveled around the circle, kneeling to different members, who muttered and mumbled over something, of course, unintelligible to us, but which was intended as a blessing. After this he was permitted to rest. Some furs and blankets were spread at one side, and he was placed thereon, his father and mother on either side. Then the family received each member of the circle in turn. A white man present, who understood their performances, told us that they had not much hope for the recovery of the sick one; but the service was also intended to prepare the young man for death, his family for the affliction, and to petition the Great Spirit to receive his soul when parted from the body. We heard afterward that he had not been to [illegible] but lived [illegible] to

days. It was a strange, sad sight. If death had not been there, it might have been amusing, because so strange. But I am sure, my children, you would all have felt very sorry for the poor creatures, particularly that sick one; and would have been very, very thankful that when sick you would not receive such treatment. I could tell you a great deal more about these queer people; but I fear, perhaps, you are already tired, and have heard enough for to-day. But, when next you say your prayers, thank God for having allowed you to be born in a Christian land, and of Christian parents; and that you are not being brought up in ignorance—not even of the Great Spirit, the Holy Spirit, the Gift of God.

R.

Selections.

THE SHAKERS OF MOUNT LEBANON.

[WE are very sure that the following very candid and fair account of the "Society of United Believers," commonly called Shakers, will be read with interest even by those who are most opposed to their doctrines. It was written by Henry Vincent, the English reformer and lecturer, and first published in the London *Star*:]

"On the Northeastern border of the State of New York, within a mile of the dividing line of Massachusetts and about 150 miles from the City of New York, is the summer retreat of Lebanon Springs. Hills, mountains, and valleys, trees, gardens, farm-houses, and farms, spread around and above you in ever-varying beauty, reminding one of the hills and valleys of Langollen, in Wales. On the side of one of the mountains—Mount Lebanon—commanding a fine view of the whole panorama, cluster three distinct portions of that singular body of people called by the vulgar 'The Shakers.' This 'society of believers' is the product of that mighty upheaving of the mind and soul that manifested itself in England and Europe during the greater part of the last century. Wesley, Whitfield, the French Prophets, Emanuel Swedenborg, and others, all represented, with more or less truth and power, the yearning of living souls for light, life, and salvation. In this great awakening, as in the time of the Commonwealth, many strange doctrines and new sects rose and fell; and among these we must class the people called Shakers. About the year 1758, Ann Lee, of Manchester, England, came under strong religious convictions; and, joined by six or eight brethren and sisters, under the guidance of a vision, left England for America, settling in this country. After working separately for a living, and suffering much persecution and hardship many years, the little band gathered into a religious society in the woods of Watervleit, near Albany, in 1776. In 1779 a great revival of religion occurred in New Lebanon, and in other towns and villages, and many of these people were gradually impressed by Ann Lee and her friends that the time had come to gather themselves out of the world, and in the power of the Holy Spirit 'to crucify all worldly lusts,' and to enter into the spiritual Millennial Church, in the practice of perfect chastity, temperance, charity, motherly and sisterly love, abandoning all private property for the common good, and having, like the early Christians, 'all things in common.' From their great fervor in preaching, their tremblings and quakings, they were spoken of as 'Shakers,' a name by no means to be by means ashamed to adopt. Their progress was necessarily slow, as they took up a cross too heavy to be borne by ordinary men and women of the world. The Shaker communities are divided into families. Within sight of each other at Mount Lebanon are three of these families—North Family, Church Family, and South Family. The first numbers 90 persons, men and women; the second, 120. In the New Lebanon Society there are altogether eight of these families—in all five hundred brethren and sisters. This New Lebanon Society owns 6,000 acres of land, a large proportion of which is devoted to fuel, timber, and sheep. This people also possess garden-seeds, herbs, and fruits, which are everywhere famed for their quality. Throughout the Union there are eighteen flourishing Shaker societies, sacredly living a celibate life and enjoying a perfect community of worldly goods. It was with no small delight on Friday evening last I found myself in front of a stage wagon, with my friend, William Hardacre, of Philadelphia, driving me in a two over muddy roads between Canaan and Lebanon. It was evening, and the setting sun bathed hills and valleys in a flood of light. The rivulets were swollen by heavy rains, and streamlets rushed and sparkled down the ravines, leaping into the laughing waters beneath. Grasses, leaves, and flowers were beaded by rain-drops, that glistened like diamonds in the sun's ever-brightening sun. We reached North Family about seven o'clock, and were welcomed, with modest grace, by an elderly sister; and we soon grasped the warm hands of Elder Frederick Evans, who, some months ago, courteously invited me to share "the simple hospitalities" of the society. We were soon introduced to other brethren, and found ourselves at home in a sense with our hearty new friends. The brethren and sisters at North Family occupy three neat and substantial houses. There is no restraint other than the restraint of good breeding and true Christian propriety. Brethren and sisters occupy the same houses, the sleeping accommodation being at opposite parts of the dwellings. They rise at half-past four o'clock in the morning, breakfast at six, dinner at noon, supper at six in the evening, and retire to rest about ten. At meals the women occupy one end of the table, the men the other. Before meals they all kneel down, and offer thanks and prayers in solemn silence. My friend and I took our meals in a small, neat room alone. We were waited on most attentively by one of the sisters, who constantly left the room, returning to inquire if anything was wanted. A Shaker meal is a wholesome feast. A room beautifully clean, a plain clean table, good white and brown bread, sweet fresh butter, rich milk and cream, wholesome well-cooked meat, plain vegetables, preserved fruits; but all served in the simplest, neatest, and most economical way. We occupied two bedrooms, that opened one into the other. The beds are sweet and clean, and you sprawl in them with a perfect delirium of lazy delight. All the rooms of the house are cleanliness and neatness to perfection. Around about are the gardens, orchards, farms, work-shops, barns, and store-houses. The large barn is the most perfect model for space, convenience, and ventilation. It consists of three stories, the lower story being appropriated for stalling cattle. It is built on the side of a hill, so you can drive wagons into the third story from the road on the side of the hill. The men and women gravitate toward the work they can most easily perform; and all are busy from morning until night, working with a joyous will. The men dress as the early Quakers dressed. The women with the same Quaker-like neatness; and they are all simple but hearty in their manners.

On Saturday night we attended worship for the first time. The men and women stood in three lines, in the presence of each other. A brother read a hymn, while they all joined in singing. This was followed by other exercises in song. Elder Evans then gave a powerful exhortation from the words 'There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus.' He spoke of the victory they had achieved over the world and the power of lust, and evil by the grace and favor of God; maintaining, with great gravity, that every good and perfect gift cometh from God and from 'the power of his Christ.' He was followed by a brief exhortation from one of the sisters. A line was then formed in the center of the room, three brethren and three sisters standing face to face. The remaining formed in a circle round the room, the brethren and sisters in the center of the room sang hymns, while the rest moved round them in a kind of dance, moving their open hands as though waiting to catch a blessing. All was gravely performed, with an evident profound sense of awe. On Sunday this worship was repeated, with the addition of a more lively spiritual song and dance. The Shakers hold to the example of Miriam and King David, and other members of the ancient church, in manifesting their joy and gratitude at the goodness of God toward them by spiritual songs and dances.

Although the ceremony was new to me, I felt no levity, but was gravely impressed by the deep solemnity of what I saw. I was permitted to address the assembly; and on Sunday night, by invitation, met the Church Family, and gave, to the best of my ability, a sketch of the present state of religion in England in the Established Church and the Dissenting bodies. They appeared particularly impressed by the account I gave of the great work resulting from the labors of Mr. Spurgeon; and at both families they desired me to say to brethren in England that they blessed God for all the work done by the working of the Holy Spirit in other churches. I had not time to make myself acquainted with all the peculiarities of their belief. I have no doubt they hold many views from which I should dissent; but I felt in no mood for discussion, and had not opportunity enough for patient investigation of the doctrines which kept them apart from other sects. Those who desire information on these points must search them out for themselves; they will find them epitomized in works published by the society. I contented myself with the results I saw before me, and thought them sufficiently remarkable to command the respectful and thoughtful attention of the church and the world. I saw a community of men and women of all ages living a pure celibate life, under the same roof, full of sweetness, love, and gentleness—a happy family of brothers and sisters. I knew that many of them had been married men and women before they were led, by a religious principle and motive, to 'crucify all worldly lusts,' and enter into what they regard as the millennial state. I knew that this life had been lived by monks and nuns, who were excluded from each other with a prison rigor, under lock and key, bolts and bars; but here I saw a spiritual family—the once husband and wife entering upon a new life in the daily presence of each other, and that this chaste community had tested this life of purity for seventy years, without any cloud arising to dim the luster of its chastity. Of course, we all exclaim, 'How can these things be?' And the profligate and the base raise the yell of laughter; but the Shakers modestly reply, 'Not unto us, but unto God, be all the glory.' The world laughs again, and slanders; but the answer is the fact of this life, which this people lays open to the gaze of all the world. I saw, moreover, a people who will not hold private property—a people who rest securely, and in perfect harmony and prosperity, upon a community of goods. The dream of Utopia is here realized. They work hard, they enjoy the fruits of their industry, they live simply and frugally. For ten years they have ceased to eat swine, or to drink alcoholic drinks, except under medical advice. I saw that this community of goods sprung from a deeper motive than a social or economical truth. Indeed, in one of their publications I found this paragraph: 'They could not understand how so-called Christians (brethren and sisters) could be members of the same religious body or church, and be divided into rich and poor in the things of this temporary world; but who are vainly expecting that in the world to come they will all be willing to have eternal things in common.' Thus their communistic idea springs from a religious motive; and such a fact is worthy the contemplation of thoughtful men. I inquired into the internal working of the community—as to how disputes or misunderstandings were settled, if they unfortunately arose. I was told that here again they adopted the Christian plan, speaking to the brother or sister alone; and, if that failed, 'tell it unto the church.' And that, so far, all had moved on with harmony, and no serious difficulties had disturbed them. Another thing I have also seen in relation to the Shakers. Every one in America with whom I have spoken speaks highly of their moral character, of their truthfulness, of the honesty in their dealings with their fellow-men; all bear this testimony, with the exception of these degraded people who believe that there are no such things as virtue and truth on the earth. Surely, the success of this community must have a cause. What is that cause? I do not pretend to answer the question. But is a question worthy of an answer. Many similar experiments have totally failed. Why has this succeeded? Even in the past forty years the Owenite experiments in England and America have failed; but Shakerism is a living and triumphant fact. Let me urge upon divines and scholars, in their ramble through America, to visit the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon; and, if they are disposed to inquire 'How can these things be?' my answer is, 'Come and see.'

We left the brethren and sisters with regret at four o'clock yesterday morning, and had a difficult ride of three hours to Chatham Four Corners, and took the train for New York. Elder Frederick Evans is an Englishman by birth, coming from the old county of Worcester. He is a tall man, with a dignified, thoughtful face, and a pleasant play of grave humor around the mouth. He appears to be over sixty years of age. He is affable in his manners, and anxious to communicate his opinions to inquirers. I conversed with three or four Englishmen, who were happy in the enjoyment of the life they had chosen. My warm thanks are due, and are thus publicly tendered, to the brethren and sisters, for their loving hospitality. I am yours respectfully,

HENRY VINCENT."

Commercial Notices.

ALWAYS READY.—Do you wish for a sewing-machine which can always be relied on, always ready, and can never disturb your spirit, or ruffle your disposition, by the perverse action and obstinacy of intricate machinery? Then select the Weed. It is simple, yet does the finest work, runs easy, is ready to start at the slightest touch, and does not get out of order. It has always given satisfaction, and has never lost a friend. Can you ask for anything better? Office 613 Broadway.

CLOTHING.

A. RAYMOND'S Clothing Establishment, corner of Fulton and Nassau sts., this city, has a national reputation, and is one of the largest and best of its kind in New York. We have known and dealt with Mr. R. for years, and have before, in these columns, commended him to the favorable consideration of the public. There are thousands in the city, and thousands who visit the city, who want clothing at short notice, and who wish to select from a good stock at fair prices, without the trouble of running all over town. We commend all such to Raymond. If you are going to the White Mountains, go first to Raymond's and get your dusters, walking suits, etc. If you are going to Saratoga, be sure and go first to Raymond's and "fix up." Old, rusty clothes won't do there. If you are going with the upper ten to Newport, you had better, by all means, take Raymond's advice, and fit out with new clothes—of the latest fashion. And, finally, if you are *going* to stay at home and keep cool, go to Raymond's and equip yourself for the heated term.

MATHUSHEK'S COLIBRI PIANO.—This wonderful little piano is rapidly becoming the universal favorite of the people, as it ever has been of the profession. The demand is at present greatly in excess of the ability to supply. Yet purchasers are leaving their orders and taking their turn, rather than to buy *any other piano*.

Circulars sent free to any address. Liberal terms to dealers. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK, Wholesale and Retail Agents, 694 Broadway, N. Y.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocers, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

THE PHŒNIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., in their statement, in another column, exhibits a material increase of business over the previous year. The increase in number of policies is 65 per cent.; in incomes, 58 per cent.; in amount insured, 82 per cent.; in assets, 71 per cent. The assets now reach a total of nearly $3,000,000, and the yearly income one million and a half; thus placing the company in a position of great prominence and financial security.

As evidence of the prudent management of its affairs by its officers, we notice the fact that the receipts from interest covered all the losses during the year, and left a surplus of over $32,000; and also the fact that the ratio of total disbursements to total income is lower than that of any company chartered previous to 1866.

Their success is very gratifying to the friends of life insurance.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea-shore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard and Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

REPUDIATION ALREADY BEGUN.—The ladies everywhere are repudiating the common yellow soaps, and substituting Pyle's economical, labor-saving, O K Soap, much to the chagrin of grocers that have large stocks of other kinds. Keep on, ladies, and your wardrobe will sustain you.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients, and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Bluing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

HOUSEKEEPERS SUPPLIED, and can pay by the week or month for Carpets, Oil-cloths, Furniture, Bedding, etc., at BENDALL & Co.'s Warehouses, 205, 207, 209, and 211 Hudson, corner Canal street.

THE greatest triumph of mechanics is the making of three sewing-machines from one, which is done by substituting the Bruen M'f'g Co.'s new Cloth-plate for the old one on the Wheeler & Wilson machine. Price $10. Office 571 Broadway.

Hull's Extra Family Soap.

UNADULTERATED, ABSOLUTELY PURE.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

OFFICE 32 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.

Premium	@—
First quality	17 @17½
Second quality	14½@15½
Third quality	11 @12
Inferior	11 @12
Average quality	@15
Extra sales about	@15½

COW AND CALVES.

Choice	$90 @95
Good	75 @85
Fair	50 @70
Inferior	@45
Common	40@ 45

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Extra, ₩ lb	8½@ 9
Choice	8 @8½
Good	7½@8
Fair	7 @7½
Inferior	6 @7
Extra Lambs	10 @10½
Good	9 @10
Common to Fair	6 @8

VEAL CALVES.

Extra and Choice	11¾@12
Good	10½@11½
Common	8 @9½
Inferior	6 @8

SWINE.

	Live, one cwt.	Dressed, per lb
Corn-fed, prime to choice	9 37½@ 9 75	12¾@12¾
Corn-fed, common to fair	9 37½@ 9 75	12 @12¾

REMARKS.—Receipts for the week were 7,009 packages. Palls went to 44 cts. last Saturday. This caused an advance of 2@3 cts. per lb. on all good grades; and at the close good, sound State Butter is very scarce, and sales have been made at higher rates than our quotations. With moderate weather receipts will be more liberal and prices easier. Western and poor grades of State are dull and unchanged. We quote:

Orange County pails, per lb	@40
Fine State Yellow, half-firkin tubs	@38
do. do. firkins	@38
Welsh tubs, in tota	@36
Choice Butter, firkins	@37
do. fair to good	@37
Western Butter, (as to quality)	@37
Grease, per lb	@15

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 55,488 boxes, showing an increase of about 21,000 boxes over last week. Trade, however, has been good; and really good Cheese have been picked up readily at 15 cents, while some Fancy Factories have sold at 15½ cents. Lots arriving here heated have sold at from 8@12 cents. Private Dairies should not be consigned here during the Hot weather. They are decidedly better held until Fall unless sold satisfactorily at home. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	@15½
do. fair to good	@15
Private Dairies, fancy	@15
do. fair to good	@12
Skimmed Cheese	@ 8

EGGS.—Receipts for the week 2,840 bbls., many of them in bad order, owing to the excessive hot weather. Western have been sold at the mark all the way from 15 to 22 cts., but generally the losses are made good. Repacked candied eggs are bringing 20@30 cts., with val. Western at 25@27 cts., the range being wider than formerly. They are coming in very sparingly, as will be noticed, and the demand falls off as the quality deteriorates. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	@20
Western, per doz	@20
Fair Data, per hundred	@15

LIVE POULTRY.—We quote:

Turkies, per lb	@ 22
Fowls, per lb	@ 20
Ducks, per pair	@1 00
Geese, Jersey, per pair	@1 50
do. Western and Southern, per pair	@1 00
Spring Chickens, per pair	@1 75

BEANS.—There is no change to note. The stock here is light, prices are high, and holders are more anxious to sell. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. (2 lbs.)	@6 00@6 25
Mediums, " "	@5 75@6 00
Kidneys, " "	@6 10@6 50

BEESWAX.—The demand is light, and prices are 2 cts. lower than last week, with sales of Southern and Western at 44@45 cents.

TALLOW.—There is not much doing. Sales at 11¾@12 cts.

DRIED FRUITS are very dull, and prices are nominal. We quote:

Apples, State, new	@ 8
do. do. old	5¾@ 6
do. Ohio, new	@ 8
do. do. old	@ 5
do. Southern	@ 6¼
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	@ 20
do. do. do. fair to good	@19
do. do. old	@13
do. unpeeled, halves	@12
do. do. do. quarters	@10
Cherries, pitted, per lb	@ 30
Blackberries, per lb	@17
Raspberries, per lb	@20
Plums, per lb	@30

SEEDS.—The market is very quiet. We quote:

Clover, new, per lb	9¼@11
Flaxseed, prime, per bush	@2 65@2 85
Timothy, per bush	@3 40@3 65

ASHES.—We quote Pots at 8 3/8@8 37.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by DAVID W. LEWIS, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking plates furnished when desired.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 7,009 packages. Palls went to 44 cts. last Saturday. This caused an advance of 2@3 cts. per lb. on all good grades; and at the close good, sound State Butter is very scarce, and sales have been made at higher rates than our quotations. With moderate weather receipts will be more liberal and prices easier. Western and poor grades of State are dull and unchanged. We quote:

Orange County pails, per lb	@40
Fine State Yellow, half-firkin tubs	@38
do. do. firkins	@38
Welsh tubs, in tota	@36
Choice Butter, firkins	@37
do. fair to good	@37
Western Butter, (as to quality)	@37
Grease, per lb	@15

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 55,488 boxes, showing an increase of about 21,000 boxes over last week. Trade, however, has been good; and really good Cheese have been picked up readily at 15 cents, while some Fancy Factories have sold at 15½ cents. Lots arriving here heated have sold at from 8@12 cents. Private Dairies should not be consigned here during the Hot weather. They are decidedly better held until Fall unless sold satisfactorily at home. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	@15½
do. fair to good	@15
Private Dairies, fancy	@15
do. fair to good	@12
Skimmed Cheese	@ 8

EGGS.—Receipts for the week 2,840 bbls., many of them in bad order, owing to the excessive hot weather. Western have been sold at the mark all the way from 15 to 22 cts., but generally the losses are made good. Repacked candied eggs are bringing 20@30 cts., with val. Western at 25@27 cts., the range being wider than formerly. They are coming in very sparingly, as will be noticed, and the demand falls off as the quality deteriorates. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	@20
Western, per doz	@20
Fair Data, per hundred	@15

LIVE POULTRY.—We quote:

Turkies, per lb	@ 22
Fowls, per lb	@ 20
Ducks, per pair	@1 00
Geese, Jersey, per pair	@1 50
do. Western and Southern, per pair	@1 00
Spring Chickens, per pair	@1 75

BEANS.—There is no change to note. The stock here is light, prices are high, and holders are more anxious to sell. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. (2 lbs.)	@6 00@6 25
Mediums, " "	@5 75@6 00
Kidneys, " "	@6 10@6 50

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DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

gives particular attention to the commission sale of BUTTER, CHEESE, BEANS, EGGS, etc. We specially solicit the sale of your FRESH BUTTER; it will meet quick sales at good prices, and have prompt returns.

Put initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

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Wall Tents, nine feet square	10 to 15
Wedge Tents, seven feet square	6 to 8

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Send for circular

PITKIN & CO., 3 Park Place, N. Y.

PRICES CURRENT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—DULL; 21¾ @ 8¾ Pot, 1st sort 100lb 8 25 @ 8 37 Pearl, 1st sort 1 025 @1037½ CANDLES—DULL; 9½c. ₩ lb Sperm, ₩ gallon 45 @ 47 Do. off grades 40 @ — Do. Del'd at 45 55 @ — Adam'ne, State 21 @ 23 Adam'ne, City 21 @ — COAL—DULL; 60c. @ $1 25 ₩ ton. Liv. Orrt'on @ — Sidney @ — Pictou @ — Anth. Pa. 6.50 @ 7.50 COCOA—DULL; 9 @ 9½ ₩ lb. Maracc'o blended @ — Guayaquil " " 10½@ 11 Para @ — St. Dom'go @ — COFFEE—DULL; 5c. ₩ lb. Java, wh'e & mixed 24½@ 28½ Java, brown 23 @ 24 Laguayra 13½@ 16½ Maracaibo 15½@ 17½ St. Domingo 9½@ 9½ COPPER—(Copper)—DULL; 27c. Pig and Bar 24c. and Sheathing 32c. ₩ lb Am'can Ingots 23¼@ 24½ Eatheb'n sheet Antfo. ₩ lb @ 28 Sheathing, old 18 @ 20 Sheath'g, yel. 36 @ 38 Pig, Chile @ — Bolts @ — DRUGS AND DYES. Alcohol @ — Aloes, Soc'trine 75 @ 85 Cape 10½@ — Ant'y'ne, old @ — Arrowroot, Bermuda @ — Arrowroot, St. Vincent @ — Balsam Copaiba 55 @ 60 Balsam Tolu 1 50 @ — Balsam Peru @ 3 50 Cantharides, Russian @ — Camphor, refined 1 10 @ — Cochineal, fine @ — Cochineal, mixed @ — Cream Tartar 30 @ — Cudbear @ — Cutch 15½@ — Gambier 4½@ 4 Gamboge 1 75 @ 2 00 Gum Arabic, sorts @ 33 Gum Arabic, picked @ 45 G

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1868.

THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION."

All the world has heard of the stately frescoes painted by Kaulbach on the walls of the Berlin Museum:—the crowning works of a venerated master, who first became famous half a century ago, and who now, in a green old age, stands as undisputedly at the head of the living artists of his country as Albert Durer at a former day.

These frescoes, six in number, represent respectively "The Building of the Tower of Babel," "The Nations of Greece listening to the Songs of Homer," "The Battle of the Huns," "The Destruction of Jerusalem," and, finally, "The Era of the Reformation." Of the series, the last is regarded by the artist's friends (and by the artist himself) as his *chef d'œuvre*. The cartoon was sent to the Paris Exposition, where it received the highest prize, and was then purchased by an American citizen, who has brought it to New York, and lent it to public view in the Somerville Gallery.

Taking this cartoon as the favorite illustration of the artist's genius and style, one glance is enough to discover in it the regulated riot of a frolicsome fancy, and the curbed gallop of a runaway hand. Here are ingenious figures, striking attitudes, and dramatic situations. Here are illustrative costumes, allegorical emblems, and poetic accessories. Here are flowing lines, antithetic lights and darks, and (doubtless in the fresco) animating surprises of color. But, notwithstanding many brilliant beauties which compel admiration, and notwithstanding many truthful uglinesses which command respect, the work, in several vital points, is so demonstrably inadequate and unsatisfactory that we wonder at its extraordinary popularity among critics.

We shall endeavor to render some reasons for our opinion that it is estimated beyond its desert.

What is its theme, or moral? This is not readily detected. A picture called "The Era of the Reformation"—with Martin Luther for its central figure, holding up in both hands an open Bible, while round him are grouped Melancthon, Calvin, Zwingle, and other reformers—might be supposed to represent the struggle and triumph of Protestantism. But this plausible theory is contradicted by the inclusion of multitudinous personages who lived and died Roman Catholics, and who are here represented not merely in no antagonism to Luther and his comrades, but in undissenting harmony with his great movement.

If the cartoon's ecclesiastical title, its open Bible, and its fiery-tongued preacher be still assumed to indicate a central religious purpose of some kind, this interpretation is spoiled by the fact that a large section is devoted to art, another to literature, another to science, and another to discovery; so that, upon the whole, the picture, like a religious newspaper, is almost entirely full of secular topics.

If the aim be (as probably Kaulbach would acknowledge) to give a comprehensive representation of religion, art, science, literature, and politics, as these flourished during, or in consequence of, "The Era of the Reformation"; and if, in carrying out this purpose, the artist desired to make his picture do honor to religion by visibly elevating this above all other human concerns; and if, still further, he desired to testify that, among the many grand events and achievements which form the pageantry of the cartoon, he thought the grandest of them all was Luther's illustrious crusade:—then we cannot help saying that this glowing idea does not seem to be animating the great convocation itself, and, as a natural consequence, is not made to enkindle the spectator. In fact, a majority of the stately personages here depicted seem to be occupied with almost every other thought than of Luther and his open Gospel. Of the 142 persons in the cartoon, only *one* seems to be paying any heed to the Protestant Bible; and this is a Roman Catholic, Sir Thomas More. In fact, we can count only four persons in the entire congregation who seem aware of Luther's presence. No street-missionary proclaims the Gospel to the vagabonds of the Five Points without attracting greater attention than the illustrious leader of the Reformation is here eliciting from this worshipful company of the world's worthies. There is a general turning of backs upon the great preacher, which is all the more noticeable because he himself is represented in the earnest attitude of calling the whole world's attention to the emancipated Gospel; a call to which there is so little response from any quarter of the picture that the proclaimer seems deserted and alone—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness." In striking contrast with this neglect of the Bible by the very priests, sages, and martyrs whom the artist has convened to celebrate it, we notice the eager interest awakened by a copy of Homer's Iliad, which Petrarch has taken out of an ancient tomb, and is showing to Shakespeare, Cervantes, and others. Of course, in thus introducing these two representative books—the one sacred and the other profane—the artist has shown a pious intent to exalt the Bible over the other literatures of the world; but, in so doing, he has unhappily represented it as the least interesting to the noblest classes of mankind. The picture, by its wayward accessories, thus becomes unfaithful to its leading intent, and fails to impress the spectator as strongly with its primal as with its minor meanings.

Much good, but some bad, judgment has been shown in the selection and rejection of representative characters. The artist's *dramatis personæ* are mainly Germans—a Scot (if it be one) easily pardoned to a ground partiality for one's own country. But, in choosing his Englishmen, he has strangely omitted Cromwell and Milton, who inherited the very soul of the Reformation and yet he has included Essex and Burleigh, who add nothing whatever to the theme. If it be said that Cromwell and Milton are too late for "The Era of the Reformation," we reply that the artist laps this era over the edge of the second century after Luther's death. In fact, among these same Englishmen, he has introduced Harvey, the cotemporary of the Protector and of his Latin secretary. So, too, an "aching void" exists in the group of painters—occasioned by the noticeable absence of Titian, who, born before Luther and living after him, reproduced in art more of the spirit of the Reformation than any other artist here given, not even excepting Albert Durer; for to Titian belongs the historic credit of emancipating art from its ecclesiastical bonds. Moreover, how advantageously might Kaulbach have forgotten Von der Tann, to have remembered Grotius; or spared the uninteresting Sebastian Frank, to make room for the world's favorite, Blaise Pascal; or chosen Arminius, the luminous teacher, instead of Barneveldt, his reflecting disciple; or preferred Servetus (who was of sufficient importance to be burned) to some of the obscurer lights are of his fire.

In "The School of Athens," by Raphael, notwithstanding the extraordinary intellectual activity which animates its eager groups—the figures being in the varying attitudes of sitting, stooping, and standing; writing, reading, and listening; holding globes, measuring distances, and carrying books—yet how adroitly the great draughtsmanhas kept all these figures from crowding, elbowing, and jostling each other! What room, and what freedom to move about in it, he has given to each! How evidently the ground-plan of his groups would admit of the persons transforming themselves from mere painted shapes, existing on a flat wall, into rounded statues, filling an actual temple! In "The Hemicycle," by Delaroche, although all the canvas is compactly occupied, yet such is the sense of remaining roominess that, in addition to the 75 figures already there, it seems as if 40 more might suddenly glide into that majestic company without disturbing its convenience or order. But, similar praise cannot be justly given to "The Era of the Reformation," which, with its 113 figures (just twice as many as Raphael introduced), looks uncomfortably crowded, not to say impossibly full; and a helter-skelter air pervades the composition, as if the artist had fixed his moment of time just after the various groups had arrived in the cathedral, and before any one common purpose had begun to unify the convocation.

Raphael's groups being on two planes, separated by a stairs of only three steps, and Delaroche's on two planes, separated by only two steps, the figures in the rear, in both these pictures, are neither so far above nor so far behind the figures in front as to make a marked difference between their comparative hights; but in Kaulbach's there are four distinct ranks of figures, receding behind and rising above each other through all the great space which exists between the floor at the entrance of the cathedral and the distant and lofty organ-gallery. As a consequence, the inexorable law of perspective mercilessly keeps cutting down the size of a human being in each successive rank, and thus irretrievably wastes the impressiveness of a composition whose chief interest must be in its recognizable portraits. For example, the leg of Hans Sach, who sits on the floor in the foreground, is twice the length of the whole body of Luther. And yet Luther stands in the very next plane behind, while still further behind *him* are two other swiftly-dwindling ranks, in the most distant of which the half-length bodies that are seen above the rail of the choir are no longer than the sole of Hans Sach's unforeshortened shoe. This multiplication of planes and distances is not only fatal to a just equality of honor among the personages, but actually reverses many of the obvious preferences which the artist seeks to indicate. For instance, although he undoubtedly means Luther to be the one commanding figure, yet, by placing him on a distant rostrum, high above the great groups of the foreground, he has been compelled by an unavoidable exigency of perspective to belittle his hero into secondary importance. In fact, not Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, Melancthon, all taken together, are as prominent, impressive, and interesting as the solitary old Hans Sach, cobbler and poet, who, with a leather apron on his lap and a pen in his hand, is altogether the most picturesque and loveable figure in the whole composition. Kaulbach's Hans Sach is twin to Raphael's Diogenes.

Among the portraits, many of which are life-like and almost satisfactory—as, for instance, Melancthon, Macchiavelli, Reuchlin, and Vesalius—the chief failure is Shakespeare. The authentic data for a correct portrait of Shakespeare are not abundant; but, such as they are, they do not warrant this fancy sketch—which resembles neither the Droeshout, the Chandos, the Jansen, nor the Felton portrait, nor the Stratford bust, nor the cast after death. The artist seems to have used the common Parian head with which crockery-stores insult the finest skull of all time, and to have invigorated the brow, eyes, and mouth into the look of a man of intense outward activity rather than of inward fecundity—a Knight Templar who would have handled a rapier more dextrously than a pen. Lord Bacon is here totally unrecognizable at first; and, even after one detects in his hand the *Novum Organum*, one cannot discern in his face anything which would betoken either the greatest or the meancst of mankind. And Columbus, as he here looks, is as much a piece of guesswork as if he had been meant for Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob.

On the whole, we prefer many other designs by this artist to the generally preferred "Era of the Reformation."

Let us add that these candid criticisms on one of the most famous works of art produced during the present century are put forth in a spirit of profound respect for the genius, character, and career of Wilhelm von Kaulbach; who by universal acclaim is one of "the choice and master spirits of this age," and who falls short only of that superior greatness which God has given to no modern artist in equal measure with Ghiberti and Angelo, with Raphael and Titian.

SUNSHINE IN A CUCUMBER.

The American people have long doubted whether the brain of Andrew Johnson possessed any remaining capability of creating a good suggestion. But his recent message, recommending certain amendments to that dotted Constitution which he has heretofore deemed a Chinese idol of perfection, show that he has a head sound enough to make him a statesman, were it not for a heart vicious enough to keep him a demagogue.

"My object in the present communication," he says, "is to suggest certain defects in the Constitution which seem to me to require correction." Do it is possible that these words are from Andrew Johnson? If, two years ago, they had been spoken by Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, or Wendell Phillips, the President would have said, "Hang those traitors!"

What has set the President to piping his new tune?

There was once a man in Vermont who, in a sudden fall, struck his head against a rock, and was taken up crazy; but, after a few years of lunacy, he was accidentally hit across the forehead by a hoe-handle, and became sane again. So Mr. Johnson, who, since dashing his head against a stone-wall in 1865, never once, during the next three years, showed a right mind, at last was so violently struck by impeachment that the blow, instead of proving fatal, has actually aroused him into the apparent health of a sensible man.

Nobody who is willing to give the devil his due can deny the merit of these suggestions from the President. True, none of them are new—all of them are familiar; but, nevertheless, uttered in a president's message, they are as welcome as they were unexpected.

First, Mr. Johnson suggests that the President and the Vice-President of the United States shall be chosen, not by the intervention of an Electoral College, but by the direct vote of the people. Good.

Second, he suggests that United States senators shall be chosen, not by the legislatures, but by the people of the several states. Good.

Third, he suggests that the Constitution shall expressly indicate, in case of the death, removal, or resignation of the President and the Vice-President, what officer shall thereby become the acting President. Good.

Fourth, he suggests that the terms of judicial officers, instead of being for life, shall be limited to a specified number of years. Good.

We eagerly give to all these recommendations the high praise they deserve. They make one ask again the ancient query, "Will wonders never cease?" Four good suggestions are actually found in a message by President Johnson! What next phenomenon will startle mankind?

OUR QUADRENNIAL FUROR.

As there are literary critics whose method appears to be the extremely simple one of an ever-varied effusion of grumbling, so there are political theorists whose happiness seems to consist in perpetually trying to make themselves miserable. We have such adepts in luxurious self-torture all about us. They could not live unless they were able to convince themselves that the Republic is probably about to die. They are the blissful few of whom, with reference to public affairs, it may be said that they enjoy bad health. Upon the subject of the country they are afflicted with a singular nervous distemper, not unlike that which is found in the highlands of Scotland, wherein men imagine that they see themselves lying dead at a small distance from them. They resemble those hypochondriacal patriots described by Coleridge: "The fancy of our calamitous situation is to them a sort of necessary sauce, without which our real prosperity would become insipid."

At the recurrence of every presidential election we are treated by these felicitous unfortunates to a flood of lamentation over the disasters arising from our frequent and terrific upheavals of popular thought and passion; over the falsehood, fury, extravagance, blackguardism, distraction, tumult, corruption, and chaos of this colossal Olympic contest for the White House.

We admit that there are grave evils incidental to our great election campaigns; as, indeed, there are grave evils incidental to everything with which man has to do. We grant, also, that the particular evils now referred to might and should be redressed. Yet, after every concession, we still insist that our American habit of invoking, every four years, the suffrages of the whole people, upon political questions of supreme moment to the whole people, is one of the wisest, most sanitary, and most hope-inspiring attributes of the American system of politics.

There is one reason for our belief which is at once fundamental and conclusive. Where political power is in the hands of one man, or in the hands of a few men, it may be useless and impertinent for the many to concern themselves in public affairs. Why should the omnibus horses in Broadway spoil their digestion by worrying about the ordinances of virtuous Aldermen for the regulation of traffic up and down that Babylonian highway? But, where political power is in the hands of all men, it is absolutely necessary, for the perpetuity of the state, that all men should concern themselves in the operations of that political power. It is, however, the fatal tendency of tranquil and prosperous times for the majority of the people, immersed in their private interests, to delegate the conduct of the public interests to a small minority, called politicians; thus leading, by the process of a dreadful logic, to official impurity and defiant ambition on the one hand, and to a craven and sordid spirit of popular indifference on the other. It was from apprehension of just this peril that so humane a man as Wordsworth actually feared the cessation of war, as involving the cessation of that which made the people vigilant, self-sacrificing, and public-spirited.

> "When I have borne in memory what has tamed
> Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
> When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
> The student's bower for mart, some fears unnamed
> I had, my country! Am I to be blamed?"

Is it true that the presidential election summons men away from their farms, their shops, their private industries of all sorts, and for the time makes politicians of them? Good! While this lasts, the Republic cannot perish! It is well that the American people are money-makers; but not so unless they are something more than money-makers. We will never despair so long as the people are accustomed, at least once in four years, to interrupt the prosecution of their individual advantage in order to prosecute the advantage of the public. The canker that devours a nation's greatness is the growth among the people of a spirit of private selfishness. Not as hucksters did we conquer the rebellion; not as hucksters shall we keep the surviving malefactors of the rebellion from conquering us.

Nor can we assent to the opinion that there is unmixed evil in the angry and violent speech connected with these great campaigns. If political passion exists, as it ever does exist among freemen, it could not work itself off in a more harmless way. Far better that it should find its outlet in free, blunt words, than lie pent up in the rumbling breast of the people, till it explode in social volcanoes and civil earthquakes. Said a profound English writer: "It is proved by experience that the frequency of open political discussion, with all its blamable indiscretions, indisposes a nation to overt acts of practical sedition or conspiracy." In the thunderstorm of vindictive speech in England attending the Anti-Corn Law movement, the earth and air were purified of malaria that else had generated the pestilence of revolution, and possibly of civil war. That healthful effects should follow these frequent emissions in America of whatever stormy feeling we may happen to have inside of us is a law both of philosophy and of physiology. When Fuseli found his wife in one of her occasional fits of anger he used to say to her, in his broken English: "Schwear, my tear, schwear, schmit a leetle, you vill feel petter." Undoubtedly the advice was rather imperfect in morals; but it indicated considerable knowledge of human nature. During an election campaign our people contrive to get rid of a good many hard and rough speeches. But they are not deeply malicious in doing so; and, after it is all over with, they seem to feel better for it. A presidential contest is a huge national safety-valve.

Welcome, then, the advent once more of that imperial conflict of ideas which at such frequent intervals rouses us from a nation of dollar-hunters into a nation of alert citizens, of patriots, and of statesmen!

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords stands in a critical position just now. Its value has been doubted, its independence defied, and its existence threatened. And this not by blatant radicals and obscure printers, but by men of unquestionable consequence, and by presses of no small weight, headed by the Thunderer of Printing-house Square itself. It is five and thirty years since the question was settled that the House of Lords could not be allowed to stand in the way of a fundamental change in the institutions of the empire—which the Reform Bill of 1832 virtually was—when the great body of the nation had ordained that such should take place. When the Lords had thrown out the Reform Bill for the second time, after two appeals to the nation by parliamentary dissolution, Earl Grey demanded of King William IV. the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry it through the Upper House. The king refused. Lord Grey resigned. No ministry could be organized to take the place of that of which he was the head. The king yielded before the face of an impending revolution. A list of eighty names was made out of persons who were to be created peers for this emergency. The king wrote autograph letters to the more prominent of the Tory lords, imploring them to change their votes or absent themselves, when the matter came again before them, for their own salvation and that of the Constitution of England. Enough of them yielded to permit the bill to pass.

The form of the British Constitution was indeed saved by this yielding; but its substance underwent a very material change. The House of Lords no longer could boast of being an independent coordinate of the government, which had an absolute veto on the legislation of the popular branch. Its functions were limited to being a drag on the wheels of popular legislation, compelling delay and consideration, with the occasional opportunity of blocking them entirely in cases in which the public mind was not worked up to a dangerous point of unanimity. Now a fresh crisis in its history has arrived, and it has to meet the question whether it is to be allowed to do even this. Ominous threats are thrown out that, if the Lords presume to reject a bill which the Commons has passed, it will be at the risk of their political life. This question will be decided at the election soon to come off. Or, at least, the decision will be then begun. Should the English people be as unanimous for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, or for that of the English Establishment itself, as they were for that of the old boroughmongering system, the House of Lords must stand out of the way or be put out of it. But it is by no means certain that this is the case, or that the people can be roused to that pitch of revolutionary determination. It is true that half the people of England are Dissenters; but it is equally true that the Dissenters are strongly Anti-Catholic, and whether their apprehensions that Rome would be helped by the weakening of the Anglican Establishment will not overbear their hostility to it remains to be seen. The Tory party depend largely on this element for the success they hope for.

The Lords have boldly and fairly joined issue with the majority of the Commons as to their legislative independence. They have rejected the Irish Church Bill by a large majority, and an appeal to the nation is soon to follow. Both parties profess to be sanguine of success. In this country it is generally taken for granted that the Lords will not be sustained by the people. This, however, is by no means a certain matter. Half the nation are Churchmen. The whole weight of fashion and social influence is on the side of the Church and the Lords. The Anti-Catholic element that may divide the Dissenting interest we have spoken of, and much will depend on its extent and strength. And then there is a strong hereditary opinion—prejudice, if you please—in favor of such an Upper House as that of the Peers in England. It is not logical, perhaps, to make a man's posterity legislators forever because he was a fit one. But John Bull thinks that, on the whole, his system has worked well and given him satisfactory laws. And it is curious that the most eminent members of the present House of Lords belong to the historical families. The Marquis of Salisbury is descended from the great Lord Burleigh; Lord Derby from the Lord Stanley of Bosworth Field; Lord Shaftesbury from the wily Achitophel of Dryden; Lord Carnarvon from the old race of the Herberts; Lord Clarendon from that of Villiers; and so on. And its ranks are constantly replenished from those of the Commons. Of the whole number of English peers, strictly speaking, three hundred and eighty-four, two hundred and seventy-three are of creations less than a century old. It is no close corporation; but every man may hope to win a place among its members. And what Englishman does not dream of a coronet for himself or his descendants? The House of Lords has roots in the habits of thought and the customs of the people which cannot be easily destroyed. Its expectation of life is still good against any danger except suicide. And it will not die by its own hand.

AMERICAN POETS IN ENGLAND.

Since Washington Irving wrote his essay on American Authors in England, and the *Edinburgh Review* touched us to the quick by superciliously asking, "Who reads an American book?" the literary relations of Great Britain and the United States have been very materially changed. Englishmen do not read many American books, even now, it is true; but they read some, and they show a becoming appreciation of American authors whenever a proper occasion offers—not merely in the way of criticism, but in paying personal attention to them when they visit England. Cooper, Irving, Emerson, Bryant, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe have been most heartily entertained by representatives of the literary classes of Great Britain; and even the common reading people have manifested an affectionate sentiment of personal esteem for them, which has in it something more than mere admiration for literary celebrity. We Americans have no reason to feel otherwise than kindly disposed toward our trans-Atlantic kinsfolk for their conduct toward our authors and artists. There is a large balance of gratitude still due from us to the other side—not only for favors received, but for favors to come, for it must be a long while yet, unless an international copyright law shall put us on an equal footing, before we shall be able to return as much as we receive in the way of good literature. The balance of trade is largely against us; and we should be utterly bankrupt indebtedness if we had to pay up, as we do for other commodities of much less value. The day will come, of course, when England will be to us what Italy and the East are to England; but it is too far off at present for us even to perceive its advancing shadow. The last notable example of English appreciation of an American author is in the case of Prof. Longfellow, who is now in the midst of a rather remarkable outburst of popular enthusiasm. It is not, apparently, of so warm and spontaneous a character as the demonstration of popular feeling which greeted Mrs. Stowe on her visit to England; but it is hearty and genuine, and less tinged with the political mixture which made so marked a characteristic of the attentions which were bestowed upon the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Longfellow is very popular in England, beyond a question; and it is said that his poems are more widely read even than Mr. Tennyson's—a circumstance which some of the English journals cite in attempt to account for by attributing it to the greater cheapness of Mr. Longfellow's books, caused by the absence of an international copyright law. The popularity of Mr. Longfellow, however, rests upon its intrinsic merits. He addresses himself to the great mass of readers who read with ease. He neither taxes the thought nor attacks the prejudices of his readers. He is so thoroughly amiable that he could never be guilty of perplexing his readers with a paradox, or disturbing them by an uneven line. He did once write some poems on slavery; but, lest they should prove annoying to the believers in "the divine institution," he good-naturedly omitted them from his collected works when he published an illustrated edition for luxurious readers. He has translated Dante; but no one will ever say of the translator, as the Florentine said of the great original: "There goes the man who has been down to hell."

Up to last accounts, Mr. Longfellow had been invited to visit a mechanics' institute in the north of England; he had been made an LL.D. by the University of Cambridge, and had been offered a similar mark of respect by the University of Oxford, but missed it by an accident; he had been presented to the Queen; had been honored by a poetical address from Chas. Kingsley, published in *The Times*; had been a good deal dined; and made a member of the Reform Club in London. The Reform Club is a "political institution; but Mr. Longfellow has never been anything of a politician. The Athenæum Club, which is composed exclusively of scholars and literary men, we have not heard of as admitting him to membership. But probably it will. Most of the English journals, in their comments on Mr. Longfellow's reception, express the kindest sentiments toward him and his countrymen; and, while admitting his great popularity, think it necessary to qualify their admiration by a sort of gentle protest against any inference that might be drawn as to their estimation of his status as a poet. They are not willing to admit that he has any claims to be considered as anything more than a third-rate poet. But this is a very questionable compliment. Mr. Longfellow would, no doubt, be much more gratified by one candid line of criticism, which conceded his right to the title of poet, than by all the social attentions which could be showered upon him. He would like it much better, too, we have no doubt, if our English friends, in their mildly enthusiastic notices of him, would not so often create the feeling that in reciting our poet they were discharging a sort of obligation we had imposed upon them by our reception of Mr. Dickens. No American, we can undertake to say, ever entertained the least shadow of a thought that Mr. Dickens or his countrymen were under any sort of obligation for the attentions shown to him while he was in this country. On the contrary, every one felt under obligations to him for coming; and was but too happy to pay him his own price for his readings, and to make his stay among us as agreeable to him as possible.

It is very pleasant to read of the social greetings to our popular authors in England, of the complimentary banquets to Mr. Field, and of the statues erected to Mr. Peabody; but these are very trifling incidents in our international history. The real bond of union between us is the unceasing flow of immigration, which maintains an unbroken chord of living sympathy between the Old World and the New. While fifty thousand British-born subjects annually find homes upon our shores, there can be no need of an interchange of complimentary visits from our authors to keep alive a feeling of kinship.

PROGRESS AT HARVARD.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 17th, 1868.

I HAVE spent some days at dear old, beautiful Cambridge. The days were Commencement and "Phi Beta" day. There was nothing to be seen during this brief period which impressed me so much, after all, as the bare arms and chests of the University crew, as they pushed off from the wharf and went down the river at forty-five strokes to the minute. Nevertheless, there were some remarkable things.

For instance, at the Boylston prize declamations, the first prize was given to a mulatto, and the second to a Jew. This bit of poetical justice to proscribed races was the more valuable as the majority of the committee did not notice anything peculiar in the complexion of the victor, he being indeed very light. So it was from no sympathy with radicalism on their part, although the Jew was also radical, and proved himself more than an average Christian in the heartiness with which he recited Senator Clark's denunciations "of a white man's government." It was noticeable, too, that two of those other orators who obtained the highest marks had chosen extracts from Wendell Phillips; while those who held to Choate and Webster fell far behind them. This was owing simply to the fact that young men speak best when most thoroughly in earnest. A youth named Myers, for instance, from Central New York, declaimed a passage from Phillips with a manly vigor and earnestness which gave power to an oratory not otherwise remarkable. Had he taken a passage from Thiers or Sismondi, he would probably have failed.

The two largest prizes were given, as aforesaid, to Messrs. Greener and Morse, both Boston; the inferior prizes to Messrs. Myers, Child, and Falls. The judges were Rev. Drs. Hill and Allen, Messrs. Crowninshield and Silsbee, of the corporation, and Col. Higginson.

Radicalism made also a tolerable show at the election of overseers by the alumni, where caucusing was very active. The more conservative candidates—Messrs. Hillard, Adams, Devens, and others—were defeated, and those elected were Judge Hoar, Parkman, the historian, Prof. Eliot, Theodore Lyman, the naturalist, and (I almost regret to add) ex-Governor Clifford. Wendell Phillips had a respectable complimentary vote.

Indeed, it is curious how this formidable shadow reappears on all public occasions at this university. There is not a professor nor a graduate who does not begin to look a little weary when you mention Phillips's name within sight of Harvard Hall. Sometimes the uneasiness savors of indignation, and with some it is the consciousness of a false position. Here is a college claiming precedence among the academic institutions of the land, and eschewing all political bias. Having produced the first orator of the nation, his *alma mater* is now afraid to call him home or to hear his voice about the house. Other institutions annually entreat him to address them; at Yale he was received with admiration, a few years since; but at Harvard they go without an oration (as this year) sooner than invite him.

The Phi Beta Kappa—the one venerable literary society of Harvard—had its anniversary on Thursday, with a poem only. The only excuse I heard made for the omission is that empty houses have of late awaited the orators. Why not, if the orators are empty also? Does any one doubt that the village church would be packed to the doors, if Phillips were announced to speak?

Why is he not? If students are allowed to declaim his fiery sentences, and receive prizes for that service, why can he not deliver them in person? The president of the Phi Beta is the poet Lowell; the vice-president is R. H. Dana, Jr., once well-known as author of "Two Years before the Mast." These gentlemen were among the foremost to invite Mr. Fessenden to a public dinner, the other day, on the ground of, "courage and conscientiousness under circumstances of peculiar difficulty." Is it from the absence of those creditable qualities in Mr. Phillips that they fail to see his merits as an orator? However, they had their reward. They sat through a poem by William Everett, with the thermometer at ninety, and some two hundred fellow-sufferers.

HARVARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The despised classes are creeping up. The first prize for declamation at Harvard College was taken by a colored youth, named Richard Theodore Greener; and the second by Godfrey Morse, a Jew! Young Greener is the son of a poor woman in Boston, who fitted for college at Oberlin and Andover. Nor let it be supposed that in the contest the dark young orator had no "foeman worthy of his steel"; for one of his competitors was Robert McLeod, of Maryland, formerly of the Confederate army. But Mr. Greener conquered this champion, and outstripped also some favored sons of New England, who boast the aristocratic names of Pickering, Peabody, Dexter, and Ticknor. When a young negro can beat all Harvard College, we believe that "his Southern brethren" will badly beat Seymour and Blair, and carry the palm in a contest which is to decide that reconstruction is not void.

—*The Herald*, in giving good advice to THE INDEPENDENT, says: "Pray, Theodore, do not join the Democratic party, for you might become its candidate." Don't trouble yourself, dear Mr. Bennett. "God bless you, but your candidate I cannot be."

—Mr. William Cogswell, a portrait painter in Chicago, while painting a portrait of Gen. Grant for Mr. Jay Cooke, received a commission from the General to paint, on one canvas, a family group including Mrs. Grant and the four children. This task he accomplished to the satisfaction of the parties most interested, and his picture has since been mezzotinted for publication. The oil-painting is 7x9 feet, and the engraving 18x24 inches. The painting we have not seen. The engraving gives the General a very quiet, sensible, honest look; and is an excellent rendering of one aspect of his very irregular face. Mrs. Grant, who is sometimes described as homely, is here the best-looking person in the party. The scene is a croquet-ground, and the time about sunset. The General stands at the extreme right, with one hand in his pocket; his wife sits next to him, occupying, with her fashionable skirts, the entire center of the picture; and the children are variously disposed at her left. We do not know where the artist borrowed his landscape; but it looks as if he had merely anticipated a little, and put this expectant family under the trees of the presidental grounds.

—The following statement comes to us with the endorsement of a responsible name: "A ruling elder, who is also the Sunday-school superintendent in the Strangers (O. S.) Presbyterian church, Leavenworth Co., Kansas, is quite badly afflicted with co'orphobia. A few Sabbaths since he drove the teacher of the ladies' Bible-class from her seat, because, forsooth, she brought a neatly-dressed small quadroon girl with her to the Sunday-school. The class had unanimously chosen their teachers; so, when told to leave, she said she would like an expression from the class. Whereupon the elder, seemingly filled with holy indignation, said: 'You can't have it'; very emphatically adding, '*We won't have any discussion. We ain't agoing to have any niggers in the Sunday-school.*' An Oberlin graduate—a member of the same church—arose; but the elder repeated, peremptorily, '*We won't have any discussion here.*' So there is one church in the green prairied West in which the men as well as the women must 'keep silence'—at least on one subject. It is said that, though this church has received $500 from the church-extension fund, it still owes on its neat little house of worship, dedicated some two years since, several hundred dollars. If any friends in the East are desirous of promoting a *purely white Gospel*, they may know from this where they can safely invest. A check addressed to the order of the Session of Strangers (O. S.) Presbyterian church, High Prairie, Kansas, Leavenworth City Post-office, would doubtless be gratefully acknowledge by the *earnest laborers for white salvation*."

—William Allen, D.D., formerly president of Bowdoin College, died at Northampton, Mass., July 16th, aged 84. His father was Rev. Thomas Allen, a native of Northampton, and long the able and successful pastor of the Congregational church in Pittsfield, distinguished as well for his fidelity and usefulness as a minister and for his firmness in adhering to Jeffersonian politics, when nearly every other settled clergyman in the state was a decided Federalist. William, the son, was the ninth of twelve children in the family, born in 1784; graduated from Harvard College in 1802, and published his "Biographical Dictionary" in 1809. In 1810 he was settled in Pittsfield as the successor of his father. Having married the daughter of President Wheelock, the latter became desirous of having his son-in-law for his successor. But the trustees declined to make the election; whereupon, in 1816, the legislature of New Hampshire, now become Democratic, passed an act altering the charter of the college, and creating a new board of trustees to take possession of the property, under the name of Dartmouth University. These Democratic trustees immediately elected Mr. Allen president of the university, who entered at once upon the management of the institution. The old trustees, however, brought a suit under that clause of the Constitution by which the states are prohibited from impairing the obligation of a contract. The question was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Mr. Webster delivered his celebrated "argument," March 10, 1818. The next year, Judge Marshall delivered the decision of the court, unanimous with one exception, setting aside the whole action of the legislature as null and void, and restoring the old trustees; who immediately chose Dr. Francis Brown president, leaving Mr. Allen without a place. In 1820 he was chosen president of Bowdoin College, the State of Maine being then warmly Democratic. He filled the station respectably until 1839, when he resigned and removed to Northampton, where he remained, enjoying a life of not inactive literary leisure until his decease. His principal publications, besides occasional sermons and addresses, were his "Biographical Dictionary," of which a third edition appeared in 1857; and a book of "Psalms and Hymns," containing many original versions and pieces, which we believe never attained much popularity.

—We see that *Y Drych* (*The Mirror*), published in Utica, and for eighteen years the only organ of the Welsh people in the United States, has been enlarged and typographically improved. It is a national paper, and has contributed not a little to the healthy radicalism of the Welsh on the subjects of slavery and temperance. We are assured that nine-tenths of that nationality in this country will vote for Grant and Colfax. The present editor of *Y Drych*, J. Mather Jones, is a brother of Edward A. Jones, of this city, well known as the president of the National Life Insurance Company. The editor's patriotism is not limited by the land of his birth; but has led him to publish in Welsh a History of the Rebellion, for the use of those of his countrymen who do not speak English. We wish every success to so good a paper, and are sorry that our own defective education forbids us to judge of its character except from the character of its readers, who form one of the very best elements in our immigrant population.

PERSONAL.

It is a curious circumstance that we know hardly more about the private life of the most popular English author of the present time than we do of Shakespeare. We know something about the domestic infelicities of Shakespeare, as we do of Mr. Dickens. One of them has given us some insight into his inner life by his sonnets, as the other has in his Copperfield. We have seen Dickens, we have taken him by the hand, we have sat at the same table with him, we know his looks, and what manner of clothes he wears in public. Visitors at Gadshill tell us how he behaves in his own house; but still we know very little about the individual Dickens. We do not know him as we know Swift, and Fielding, and Byron, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, or even as we know Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and other authors who are fond of taking the public into their confidence, or who reveal themselves in their correspondence as Horace Walpole has done, or as others are revealed to us by such faithful reporters as Boswell in the life of Johnson, or Lockhart in his life of Scott. Let any one attempt to write a biography of Dickens, and he would instantly discover how very meager was his knowledge of the man outside of his works. But this want, we are delighted to learn, is about to be supplied to us by the only living being who can adequately perform the task. Mr. Dickens, it is reported, is going to bestow his autobiography upon the world. He could not render mankind a greater service. We are sure it will prove the most delightful piece of personal history that has been given to English literature.

—Moses Coit Tyler is already announced as in the field for next winter's lecturing, with a new lecture entitled "Castes."

—Mr. Henry A. Smythe, collector of the port of New York, and nominee for minister to Austria, was last week rejected by the Senate. The vote was 13 yeas to 28 nays.

—Mr. William M. Evarts, a renegade Republican, having at last been confirmed by the Senate, has accepted the office of Attorney-General. "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward."

—The death of Moses Y. Beach, formerly editor and publisher of the New York *Sun*, occurred in his native town of Wallingford, Conn., on Saturday last. Mr. Beach was a man of a remarkably energetic nature and of marked ability as a mechanical inventor; but it is as publisher of the New York *Sun* that he is known to the public. He was in early life a mechanic; but, after failing in business, he became publisher of the *Sun*, and, by his adroit management, made it one of the fixtures of our daily press, and realized a large fortune from its profits, with which he retired from business, leaving the management of the paper to his son, Moses S. Beach, who has since sold it to its present publishers. Mr. Beach was a good specimen of a genuine New England mechanic—being industrious, intelligent, persevering, and, consequently, thrifty.

—Emanuel Lentze, a well-known American artist, died in Washington last Sunday, after a sudden illness, occasioned by the hot weather, and terminating in apoplexy. Feeling unwell in the afternoon, he did not think it necessary to send for a physician until late in the evening, when he grew worse so rapidly that he died before the physician's arrival. One of his daughters was with him, his wife and another daughter being absent in Europe. Mr. Lentze was 40 years of age—a native of Germany, but, from childhood, a citizen of this country. His most celebrated work is the "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now in possession of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York; a picture which has been often engraved on bank-notes, painted on omnibuses and steam-engines, and reproduced in so many different ways that it is perfectly well known throughout the land. His next most familiar work is the "Westward Ho!" painted on a wall in the Capitol building at Washington; a singular and erratic composition, which many thousands of eyes have looked at, and which has provoked about an equal measure of praise and criticism.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

—The new swimming-baths under the Park Theater, in Brooklyn, were opened on the evening of the 16th, and the crowds who filled the spacious rooms were delighted with the beauty and convenience of all the arrangements. The salt-water pond is large enough to allow a hundred bathers to swim about at once. It is remarkable that, with salt water all around us, the only place where New Yorkers can enjoy a comfortable plunge in the brine is on the Heights of Brooklyn, a mile from the ferry. Mr. Benton, the proprietor, intended first to provide an extensive aquatic garden; and, in altering his plan, has had in view not so much any pecuniary advantage as the health and comfort of the citizens.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

Trinity College, Hartford.—Commencement July 9th. Graduates 10. *D.D.*—Bishop A.

Publisher's Notices.

LITTLE CORPORAL.

NOTE FROM BISHOP MORRIS.

BISHOP MORRIS, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Church, was born in Kenawha County, Va., April 28th, 1794; and is, therefore, now in his 75th year—honored and beloved for his life of holy labors and his apostolic example. He has a heart as young and warm for the children and for all that interests and benefits the "bairns" as any of the young folks themselves. We make the following extract from a letter the Bishop lately wrote to Alfred L. Sewell, editor of *The Little Corporal*, at Chicago, Ill.:

"I feel safe in saying there is no boy of his size and age in the United States that has so many friends as *The Little Corporal*. They are found in all classes of society, among men of labor and men of leisure, sages and poets, soldiers and sailors, statesmen and ministers, scholars and politicians, ladies and gentlemen, old folks and little children. In a word, he is a general favorite with old and young, wealthy and poor, wise and simple—as he deserves to be—and is becoming more so."

Really, we do not wonder that Bishop Morris writes with such hearty enthusiasm, for *The Little Corporal* is one of the most popular publications of its kind ever brought forward for popular favor. It is not in any way denominational; but seems to be heartily working to carry out its beautiful motto, "Fighting against wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." As long as it continues, as at present, to "fight it out on that line" we hope to see it go on conquering. It is published "for boys and girls, and for older people who have young hearts." The price is one dollar a year. The editor of *The Little Corporal* will send a sample copy free to any person who will write to him for it. New volumes begin July and January.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

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1868.

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The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes of everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter, in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln untillhe has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

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MARRIED.

GLEN—MCARTHUR.—In Rockford, Ill., July 15th, at the residence of the bride's brother, A. L. McArthur, M.D., by Rev. H. G. McArthur, of Greenville, Ills., Rev. Darius Glen, of Lanarkie, Ill., and Miss Carrie J. McArthur, of Chicago.

PRAT—LAWRENCE.—On Saturday, July 18th, in Brooklyn, N. Y., by the bride's father, Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D.D., Orestes M. Prat, of Brooklyn, to Margaret L. Lawrence, of Orford, New Hampshire. No cards.

DIED.

EATON.—In Palmyra, N. Y., July 4th, John Spaulding Eaton, youngest son of Rev. Horace Eaton, aged nine years.

His mind and heart were adapted to and set upon the work of preaching the Gospel of Christ; but when just completing his studies preparatory for college, at Phillips Academy, Andover, consumption marked him for its victim. The struggle was sharp; yet at the will of the Master he yielded all earthly prospects, in the sustaining hope of a higher life and a fuller service in a better world.

J. PFEIFER.—In Brooklyn, July 16, Ernest Dell, infant son of Raikle J. and Belle Dell Fuller.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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For Beautifying the SKIN and COMPLEXION,

Removes all ERUPTIONS, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, MOTH BLOTCHES, TAN, etc., and renders the SKIN SOFT, FAIR and BLOOMING. For LADIES in the NURSERY it is invaluable. For GENTLEMEN after SHAVING it has no equal. "PAPHIAN LOTION" is the only reliable remedy for diseases and blemishes of the SKIN.

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THE HANDKERCHIEF
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JULY 23, 1868.

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AT THE
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PARIS, 1867.

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WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
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A GOLD MEDAL,
for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

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WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin
Price 50 cents; by mail 60 cents. All druggists sell it.
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CONTENTS OF NO. 46—JULY 16TH, 1868.

EDITORIALS:—Sectarian Clannishness. The Detroit Convention. The Composition of Councils. The Presidential Campaign, etc., etc. EDITORIAL MISCELLANY:—Has New York no Stables? Mouth-Shut. Installing Teachers, Knox College, English Appreciation, etc.

CONTRIBUTIONS:—The Laws of Fermentation, by Rev. Wm. Patton, D.D., New Haven, Ct. Change, The True Use of Money, by Prof. W. S. Tyler; Goodness, by Prof. H. W. Parker; Child Greatness—poetry, by Rev. G. G. Phipps. Larger Contributions by Rev. W. W. Rose; Conversational Singing—How not to Secure It—by Rev. A. H. Plumb; The Shooter Bone of St. John; Johnny Myer's Trial; Notes from China; Letter from Washington, etc., etc.

MISCELLANEOUS:—Reviews of New Books; Literary Small Talk; Notes of Chicago Noon Prayer-meetings; News of our Churches; General Religious Intelligence; Original Excerpts; Thoughts and Events Abroad; Items of Interest—Usual, Curious, and Scientific; Events of the Week; Review of the Markets, etc., etc.

SELECTIONS:—How to be Roadable, A Comfortable Soul, Fine Hunters, The Original Greek, Rattle on Flies, The Work of Western Ministers, Negro Utterance, The Jewish Sabbath, A Pig that had no Chance, A Lie Sticks, etc.

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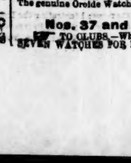

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Bonds and Mortgages (City of New York)	97,000 00
Brooklyn City Bonds (market value)	25,187 50
Virginia State Bonds (market value)	14,700 00
Cash Deposited in New York Guaranty and Indemnity Company (at interest)	45,000 00
Cash on Hand and in Bank	10,189 09
Balances due by Agents (secured)	25,478 23
Office Furniture	5,235 22
Deferred Semi-annual and Quarterly Premiums	72,165 31
Premiums in course of Collection	56,564 64
Interest Accrued, not due	4,540 67
Other Assets	3,319 21
Total	$468,632 87

LIABILITIES.

Amount required to Reinsure Outstanding Risks—Homan's Table—5 per cent.	$343,200	
Unpaid Losses, not due	15,000	$358,200 00
Surplus		$210,432 87

Number of Policies in Force	3,034
Insuring	$7,826,810
Policies Issued since January 1st, 1868	1,138
Insuring	$2,713,254

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The Independent.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THERE be many who bewail the degeneracy of the age. The times are out of joint. The nation is utterly corrupt. The church is degenerate. The Gospel has lost its power. Their only hope is in the somewhat melancholy reflection that the darkest hour is just before daylight. Strange readers are these of God's prophecy in Providence. On the contrary, the signs of the times are full of promise. It needs no John the Baptist to foretell "the kingdom of God is at hand." The air is full of the fragrance of spring flowers and the songs of early birds, harbingers of God's glorious Summer and golden Fall.

The advent of the kingdom of science heralds the kingdom of grace. Nature is part of the Divine realm. The laws of Nature are a part of God's laws. Science is a comprehension of a portion of the Divine economy. Art is obedience to a portion of the Divine legislation. We swim the sea, ouriding the storm. We surpass in fleetness of foot the fleetest footed, and in strength of sinew the strongest. How? In God is our strength. The forces of Nature become the muscles of industry. The temple of modern civilization is built out of the cedars of Lebanon, which God hath provided.

Not the least effect of modern civilization is seen in the unity of the race which it promotes. Nations are bound together by electric threads and an international commerce that are stronger than any treaties. China and America have more in common than Samaria and Judea. You may go from New York to St. Louis in less time than it took Jesus to travel from Nazareth to Jernsalem; from New York to Paris or London in far less time than it took Paul to travel from Cesarea Philippi to Rome. With this intercommunication of travel and commerce comes an interchange of ideas. Two languages will carry the tourist all over Christendom. A third gives the scholar access to nearly all Christian literature. Free trade in ideas is becoming the law of nations. Civilization, philosophies, religious systems, as well as commodities, are interchanged. France can no longer exclude a knowledge of Protestantism, even if she would. No official vigilance suffices to prevent smuggling of republicanism into Austria. Every foreigner who visits our shores brings a contribution to our stock of knowledge, and carries something back. De Tocqueville is only an illustrious scholar of "Democracy in America"—not the only one. We begin to comprehend the apostolic declaration that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." In Paris the varied industries of the world are gathered together, that every nation may feel the spur of their neighbor's progress. In America all various nationalities intermingle in one vast and harmonious nation. Behold a more marvelous thing than the lion and the lamb lying down together. The contending religions of the past worship in the same city without combat; and even pulpits cease to be masked batteries.

Still more by increasing freedom is God preparing the way for the coronation of his Son. Christ preaches with power "liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound." The African no longer lifts up manacled hands in "the land of the free," imploring deliverance. In England, by a revolution more remarkable because bloodless, the rights of man receive emphatic though reluctant recognition. In Italy, in Austria, in Germany, in France, the prison-walls have fallen or are trembling before the shock of the coming earthquake. Everywhere this political enfranchisement brings with it measures for the elevation of the common people. Education is flowing round the world like a tidal wave. The scales are falling from the eyes, as well as the manacles from the wrists. The story which Ary Schaffer has so beautifully told in his "Christus Consolator" is being enacted before the eyes of all the world. In states of this Union where a few short years ago it was a penitentiary offense to teach a black man to read two hundred thousand are being educated to be citizens of the Republic. In England, that has provided education only for the educated, even the representatives of aristocratic interest demand popular education, that they may redeem the suffrage from pass'on and prejudice. In the French Assembly loud demands are made for the importation of the common school. In Austria the priest has ceased to be the schoolmaster; and the Church which lighted all Europe with the blazing bonfires of books and printing-presses in the sixteenth century is no longer entrusted with education in the nineteenth.

With liberty in state comes larger liberty in church. The power of ecclesiasticism is broken. Its form remains. Its body of doctrine remains. But its principle of abject subjection to a sovereign power does not remain. The successor of Peter becomes a princely beggar, and subsists on Peter's pence. The descendant of the pontiff at whose frown monarchs trembled holds his seat a tenant at will of a single monarch. The very advocates of the Church unconsciously attest the progress of humanity. In the 16th century, to doubt the authority of the church was heresy; to question it, a crime. Its sanctity was demonstrated by the *auto da fé*. In the 19th, a Catholic father declares, "We ask no man to accept the Catholic creed unless we can show him proofs greater and stronger than he would demand for immediate conviction in any affair of human life." And this appeal to the individual reason, as the ultimate judge in religion, receives the apparent sanction of his church.*

At the same time, the moral power of Christ's church increases. It is no longer rent in fragments. We are learning that the body of Christ is one, though of many members; that it takes many stones of different forms and colors to make the temple of the living God. The two branches of the Presbyterian Church wait only the death of a few old fathers, who still forbid the bans, to be joined in wedlock. Greater differences are harmonized if not forgotten. The descendants of Arminius and Calvin, of Cavalier and Puritan, unite in the same organizations to do the work of the same Lord and Master. The pulpit is indeed thought by some to have lost its power. But, if it sleeps, its slumbers are uneasy. Anxiously we are asking ourselves, How shall we carry the Gospel to the heathen, at home and abroad? If the problem is not solved, it is something that it is discussed. If the power of the pulpit be somewhat obscured, it is only as the channel of the Nile is lost sight of when its waters overflow its banks and irrigate all the land. The Gospel, no longer confined to the church, permeates all literature. A novel finds poor market that is not at least flavored with morality or religion. The religious but undenominational newspaper—a phenomenon which our fathers never dreamed of—leads in its influence and power all its cotemporaries. Secular newspapers publish the sermons of the Sabbath. While, best of all, a hungry people read with avidity whatever throws the interest of history, romance, or philosophy about the life of Christ; and Ecce Homo, that half a century ago would never have strayed from the shelves of the theologian, creates an excitement second only to that of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Such are some of the signs of the times. The darkness begins to flee. The Son of Righteousness, arising with healing on his wings, sends forth the ruddy light of early dawn. The mountain-tops glow with the light of his coming. The birds begin their matins. The night is far spent. The day is at hand. Awake out of sleep. For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Oh! weary church, that hast long sat expectant while the darkness of twilight hath gathered about thee, hark! Hear you not the confused murmur of many voices, the measured tramp of many feet, the sound of martial music? Look! See you not the torches gleaming through the midnight air? "Behold! the bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him."

* REASON AND REVELATION. Rev. THOS. S. PREBLE. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Catholic Publication House, N. Y.

IN THE COUNTRY.

FAR away from the crowded city,
And the hum of its restless strife,
Sweetly I spend the Summer season,
Drinking in fresh supplies of life.

The birds and the trees are around me,
O'er my head is the bright June sky,
The day long I hear their low voices,
And my spirit makes glad reply.

The darkly-clothed mountain above me
Guards the pass to my cottage-home;
Looking on me with stern affection,
'Neath its shade as I go and come.

At my side a city of sleepers
Stretches over the fair, green sod;
Morn and eve I sit in its shadows,
Holding converse with them and God.

Only friendly words of the neighbors,
Moving quietly to their toil,
Or the hoe and the rake's low music,
As they sweep o'er the fertile soil;

Only the voice of the grave-digger,
Scooping out another abode,
As he stops to chat with the traveler
Coming over the dusty road;

Only the song of the little one,
Sitting under the apple-tree,
With her doll and her toys around her,
Break in on the melody.

Only the step of the patient one,
Treading meekly the kitchen-floor,
And the sound of the old pump-handle,
Close beside the woodshed door;

Only the noise of the laborer,
Whetting his scythe with the stone,
Awaking me in the fair morning
With the rising of the sun;

Only the cows' heavy lowing,
As the hour for milking draws nea
Tell that, amid the quietness,
Tollers are still busy here.

I, also, am dreaming of labor,
While resting so peacefully here,
And rich vineyards and waving cornfields
In my visions nightly appear.

He who giveth to each his portion
Will again send me forth to sow;
And, perchance, a few sheaves to gather,
Ere my long, last rest I shall know.

J. A. S.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, July 14th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

AN amusing scene, if it had not been so melancholy, was that in front of the office of the *Chicago Times* last week, when the great bulletins in the window announced the probable nomination of Seymour. There were men who had "invested" largely in Pendleton, who had sworn that repudiation was the only course, who had vowed with Brick Pomeroy that the party should be dismembered if anybody else were nominated. The ever-changing bulletin soon put Seymour's nomination out of question, and the "sold" looking crowd of "greenback" men were called upon to cheer. The *Times* men, with an alacrity that would have refreshed the soul of Parson Nasby, brought out three or four black bottles, which cheered the crowd, who in turn cheered the nominee. The more thoughtful Democrats are pleased with the defeat of Pendleton, the rabble are dissatisfied, while with General Blair nobody is suited, unless it be a few Missouri "Conservatives."

The fiery heat of the season cannot but make Chicago unhealthful; but our city council, who were never known to economize before, have cut down the appropriations to the Board of Health, and have left us to get through the coming sickly season as best we may. Meantime the city is yet tolerably healthful, though everybody who can has gone "out of town." Some have taken the steamers and sailed away to the Straits of Mackinaw, the old favorite resort; some are summering in Lake Superior; great numbers are off for Minneapolis, or the trout-streams of Wisconsin and Minnesota; still others have gone to Colorado. Our leading artists are many of them among the Rocky Mountains, which the opening of the Pacific Railroad will make a favorite summer resort, notwithstanding a little nervousness yet at the thought of red Indians and grizzly bears. Many of our wealthier citizens, who do not want to leave their business, but who cannot endure the odor of Chicago River during Dog-days, take summer-houses at Hyde Park, or Evanston, or Lake Forest.

Of course, there cannot be much of interest during these fiery days. There was dedicated, last Sabbath, a beautiful church, the Grace Methodist, costing nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The sermons were by Revs. C. H. Fowler, Dr. Hatfield, and Dr. Tiffany, and the dedicatory services were conducted by Bishop Thomson.

There is some doubt now about what will be the make-up of our Chicago pulpit another year. The First Presbyterian church is yet without a pastor; the death of the brilliant young pastor of Plymouth church makes a vacancy there; and it is considered about certain that Rev. Dr. Gulliver will accept the proffered presidency of Knox College. So that we are to have three of our very leading churches vacant at once; and none of the three will be satisfied with anything less than a first-class man.

The daily papers are doing all they can to help Dr. Hatfield's reputation by denouncing him for his sermon on beer-gardens and singerfests. The sanitary census of Chicago shows that the German population counts almost exactly the same number with the American, with the future in favor of the Germans. Nothing is so sacred in the eyes of Chicago dailies as the prejudices of the Germans.

Prof. Haven, of Chicago Theological Seminary, spoke at the recent commencement of the Iowa State University, on "The Relation of the Ideal to the Actual." Those who have heard Prof. Haven know how charmingly, and thoughtfully, and delightfully he can treat such a subject.

Both in this state and in Wisconsin there has been an agitation of the subject of insane asylums. The trustees of the Illinois Asylum are out with an able defense of the management of that institution. It is hard to judge between conflicting statements; but we must again call attention to the necessity of giving some attention to the seven-eighths of the insane patients who are in the jails and poor-houses of the state. By actual observation your correspondent knows that the state of these latter institutions is worthy of a barbarous age. Nothing but legislative reform can reach them.

The editorial articles in THE INDEPENDENT on Deaf-Mute Instruction have attracted a good deal of attention among philanthropists, East and West. A very decided impression has been made in favor of a thorough trial of the articulation system by the very able annual report of Prof. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution, which has been widely published recently. Dr. Gillett has always been an advocate of the American system, and has been one of the most successful instructors in the United States under that system. In his late report, he states with honorable frankness the reasons which have made him feel that the previous course of the institution under his direction may have wrought injustice, at least to a large class of mutes. That spirit of energetic philanthropy which led Mr. Gillett to secure the founding of our idiotic institution in this state, the germ of which he nourished in his own institution, will doubtless cause him to give a full and fair trial to the articulation method. We may expect from his labors, too, a settlement of the yet unsettled question of the possibility of combining the two systems in the same institution.

Of minor items we notice the organization of a new Congregational church at Clio, Genesee Co., Michigan, of which Rev. E. W. Borden is acting pastor; the beginning of a church-building for the Presbyterian church at Midland City, in the same state. The corner-stone of a very fine Baptist church was laid at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, recently. Rev. C. Weaver has settled as pastor of the Baptist church at Saranac, Michigan. A new Methodist church is to be built in Easton, Ionia Co., Michigan. The Des Moines County Iowa Sunday-school Convention at its last interesting session the other day. The Universalists held a conference at Plainview, Minnesota, on the 7th of July. The Southern Illinois Educational Convention met at Carbondale two weeks ago. The large attendance augurs favorably for the future of Egypt.

Open-air meetings prevail all over the Northwest during this Summer weather. A hundred thousand people, at least, will hear the Gospel in this way who would not hear it in churches. Mr. Moody's Sunday-afternoon pulpit is the court-house square; but there are half-a-dozen long-haired individuals who are contesting the ground with him. The other Sunday evening he found an infidel orator uttering an apostles' creed of his own, beginning each paragraph with "I believe." No sooner had he concluded his half-hour's harangue than Mr. Moody sprang up with the exclamation: "Mr friends, the question is whether you will believe this man or the Lord Jesus Christ! Let us pray!" As soon as the prayer was done, the crowd shouted: "Answer him, Moody! Moody! Answer him." But Mr. Moody, with characteristic adroitness, said: "No; the time's too short to be spent in useless debate. Once I believed as he does, and no man could have convinced me. Let me tell you how Christ taught me." Then followed a narration of his Christian experience, told so earnestly that it commanded the sympathy of the whole crowd. He then announced that it was time for his regular evening service in the "lecture-room" of Wood's Museum, shook hands very kindly with his opponent, and led the audience to the Museum. This is only one of a hundred such occurrences; but I give it as a fair illustration of Mr. Moody's mode of dealing with difficulties.

PENHOLDER.

Book Table.

LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX.*

THIS is a fitting book at a fitting time. It is *emphatically* a book for young men. No intelligent boy, no aspiring youth, no matter how adverse his condition in life, can read the history of this successful American without realizing what vast possibilities await in the future for himself, as the reward of temperance, industry, patience, an honorable ambition, a clear head, and a hopeful heart. No other living American illustrates by so successful a career the opportunities which lie within the reach of the poorest child born under republican institutions.

To all persons interested in public affairs, the life of Schuyler Colfax for the last fourteen years is likewise the life of their country. With all the great events of that burdened epoch Mr. Colfax has been most closely identified; and it is in his connection with those great events that we trace his unerring consistency, his unflinching devotion to great principles, through all his public career. Under no pressure has he ever sank below the utmost demand of the hour; more, with penetrating and prescient vision, he has always not only descried the deepest meaning of the hour, but the most significant sign of the future. Long before he entered Congress, many of Mr. Colfax's editorials in the South Bend *Register* possessed the highest value of state papers. They dealt with the great issues which stirred every pulse in the nation—on whose pending fate the life or death of the nation hung. In these editorials we find the accurate knowledge, the clear insight, the breadth, sagacity, and earnest devotion to the truth, which characterize all Mr. Colfax's later and more prominent public utterances. We opine that very few such editorials as his on the Nebraska Bill (reproduced in these pages) appeared in the most influential journals of that era, much less in the columns of the provincial press.

Mr. Moore has executed his task with much delicacy and good taste; but, really, he had very slight opportunity to write the life of his friend, that friend having unconsciously written it himself. The book is almost exclusively made up of the letters, editorials, addresses, and congressional speeches of Mr. Colfax. Thus it is emphatically his life; and any one who wishes to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with this cheery man of destiny—the next Vice-President—outside of his presence, could do it nowhere else so well as within these covers. These pages reflect the man—his feelings, thoughts, opinions, character. They contain nothing more significant and touching than his intercourse with Mr. Lincoln during the last hours of his life, and his eulogium upon the President's character after his death. No eulogy of Mr. Lincoln will live longer than this. As a faithful portrait of his character and principles, as a loving tribute of friendship, as well as an intellectual production of surpassing merit, it commands the highest praise. No wonder that Schuyler Colfax, with his tempered nature, wise judgment, and affectionate heart, was the chosen friend and counselor of Abraham Lincoln. Two men of such kindred sympathies could not choose but be friends. We expect to live to see the day when the one left shall be the successor of the one lost.

* THE LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev. A. Y. MOORE, of South Bend, Indiana. With a Portrait. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

ALCOHOL: ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS.*

ALCOHOL is a product of putrefaction. It is to liquids what carrion is to meat. It begins with the death of the grain; it ends in the death of the drinker. All processes of distillation are forms of decay and death. This alcohol, thus obtained by abnormal processes, is the intoxicating element in all intoxicating drinks. The chief difference between beer and whisky is in the percentage of alcohol. We are told that it is the abuse, not the use, of alcoholic drinks against which we should guard the community. Granted. The question still remains, What is the use of alcohol?

It certainly is not food. The experiments of Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy demonstrate that beyond peradventure. It passes out of the stomach in the same condition in which it entered—unassimilated, a foreign substance. The body can make out of it neither bone, nor sinew, nor muscle, nor blood, nor flesh. It hastes to rid itself of the intruder. Part is carried to the lungs. The fumes of the toper's breath witness to its exhalation. Part is carried to the kidneys, where it is the prolific cause of Bright's disease. Part is carried to the brain, which soaks it up as a sponge. Part is carried to the skin, which, irritated by its presence, breaks out in boils and blotches. Every part of the body is comes impregnated with it. The toper is rightly called "an old soaker." The first effect of alcohol is thus to spur the system up to strenuous efforts to cast out its foe. It stimulates. It does not, cannot strengthen. It is never truly a tonic. But, if it promotes some activities, it delays others. The excretory organs are so busy getting rid of this intruder that they are prevented from pursuing their legitimate business. The old, effete, worn-out tissues, therefore, remain. Men drink to gain flesh. This flesh of the toper is carrion. Alcohol never makes new flesh nor new muscle. It simply hinders waste, and so forbids repair. This is its second effect. But, as all men know, its chief effect is on the brain. Every poison has its special affinity. That of alcohol is for the nervous system. But it is the base and not the top of the brain it stimulates. It paralyzes the will. It dethrones the reason. It vitiates the affections. It gives predominance to the brute. A drunkard is like a great city under the law of the mob.

Such are the effects of alcohol in its best estate. But alcohol in its best estate is a rarity. Strychnine, stramonium, belladonna, tobacco, cocculus, and opium are all employed to cheapen and to strengthen it. Adulteration is universal. Dr. Hiram Cox, chemical inspector of Ohio in 1855, after an analysis of the products of six hundred different stores, reported over ninety per cent. adulterated. Sulphuric acid, red pepper, pellitory, cumcle, potash, brucine, and strychnine were among the articles used for adulteration. Let no man think that his liquor is pure because he got it directly from the custom-house. The merchants of Oporto ship yearly five times as much wine as is produced in the Douro Valley. One drug-house in London last year sold to one liquor firm in that city more strychnine than the whole medical profession of the city would require in the same time. St. Louis and Chicago alone sell nearly as much California wine as the whole Pacific coast produces. Of these liquors—distilled, brewed, and vinous—we are consuming in the United States five hundred and forty million gal ons per year; or nearly twenty gallons to every man, woman, and child. We have a drinking saloon to every three hundred inhabitants. And we employ in the making and sale of these drugs three hundred and thirty-five thousand workmen. This, in brief, is the liquor traffic in the United States. Its results in disease, crime, taxation, and mental and moral disorder cannot be summed up in statistics nor given in half-a-column epitome.

All this, and much more, Dr. Story tells; with abundant citations of scientific authorities in support of his positions. We know no other book which contains so much on this subject in so brief a compass. And the book would constitute an admirable tract for general circulation, were it not disfigured by a wretched attempt to write *down* to the apprehension of the common people. Dr. Story seems to have fallen into the grievous error of supposing that to be plain it is necessary to be vulgar. And his pages abound with slang phrases; which, however much they may have secured the applause of the unthinking in the original delivery of the lectures, will despoil the book of its power over that large class of intelligent moderate-drinkers who otherwise could hardly fail to feel the force of his terrible array of facts and figures.

* ALCOHOL: ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS. Ten Lectures by Dr. CHARLES A. STORY, of Chicago. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.*

IF Dr. Brittain had entitled his book "Lectures on Animal Magnetism," the title would have been more descriptive of its true character. It appears to embody the substance of lectures which he has been engaged in delivering upon that subject for a number of years past. Commencing with the hypothesis—which, however rational, is as yet only an hypothesis, not a scientific and assured fact—that what is vaguely designated in our physiologies as the "nervous fluid" is really a form of electricity, he undertakes to show that all the phenomena of health and disease are dependent on it. It is electricity, he assures us, which impels the flow of the blood. It is electricity which arterializes it. Electricity conveys the telegraphic messages of information from the senses to the brain, and of command from the nervous centers to the muscles. Electricity is the fuel of the body's furnaces, and generates its necessary heat. All processes of thought are accompanied by electrical phenomena. The sudden fear which sometimes whitens the hair in a night changes its color by giving an electric shock. In short, the brain is a powerful galvanic battery; and the electricity which it supplies is the principle of life in the human body.

Accordingly, the preservation of its perfect balance is the condition of perfect health. The dyspeptic has concentrated his vital electricity on the brain, and has left his stomach unsupplied with its needed working force. Infectious diseases are produced by a lack of electricity. The cholera is always accompanied by the absence of electrical phenomena in the air. Their return is the signal for its departure. The mind is the most powerful therapeutic agent. The martyrs suffered less than we imagine. By a strong act of will they determined the flow of the electric current, and by withdrawing it from the surface impaired its sensibilities. The miracles of Christ are partially explicable by attributing them to electric influence. It is as true in the 19th century as in the 1st, "According to your faith be it unto you." A bread-pill taken in faith is more potent than a blue pill taken by a skeptic.

Thus far we follow Dr. Bittain with interest, though not always with assent. More careful experiments and a wider generalization are needed to reduce his theories from the category of shrewd surmises to that of ascertained facts. But when he begins to discuss clairvoyance and second sight, to talk of subtle emanations from the body so affixing themselves to extraneous objects (a letter, for example) that a sensitive medium can detect, without reading it, from the aroma, the *thought* of the writer, as the dog detects the footprint of his master from a thousand others by the smell—not only his theories, but even some of his facts, overtax our credulity, and we instinctively demand further examinations and more witnesses before we give full credence to either the one or the other. And it is the misfortune that these latter incredibilities cast a certain air of unreality about all that has preceded. However, we know of no book which we would sooner recommend to the student of animal magnetism, provided he read it with not too implicit faith; none which tells better, on the whole, what is to be told on a subject which demands careful investigation, and ought not to be handed over by the men of science to the empyrics and mountebanks of the stage.

* MAN AND HIS RELATIONS; Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body. By S. B. BRITTAIN, M. D. Fourth Edition, revised. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.

SPIRITUAL WIVES. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of "New America." Second Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have no quarrel with the doctors who publish *in extenso* the most complete and disgusting details and figures of human disease and monstrosity. It is their function to study the abnormal, that they may cure it. They have no lurking love for goitres or cancers, for fistulous abscesses or sloughing gangrenes. They are fighting these morbid excrescences with ligature, knife, and cautery. The attention which we have to give now and then to their investigations is healthful. It deepens our compassion for the unfortunate, and our thankfulness to that kind Providence which makes health the rule and disease the exception.

It is even so with moral maladies. We care not how searching the investigation into the crimes of society, nor how plain the language in which those crimes are depicted, if there be evident no sympathy with the impure and no overlaying its sallow ugliness with delicate cosmetics. This principle excuses the ground of our reprobation of this piece of morbid moral anatomy by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. His topic is a legitimate one. He gives the history of various move ments in the direction of what is vehemently called "free-love," which have attached themselves to revivals or other religious movements. The facts are well worth investigation. But the study should have been conducted pathologically, rather than popularly; with a view to remedy the evils, and not to satisfy an idling curiosity. But Mr. Dixon shows no moral principles that recoil from the impurity which he describes. He lingers lovingly over scenes which ought to bring the blush to a chaste cheek, and heads the chapters which detail these lawless doings with attractive titles—such as "Seraphina Kisses," "Gospel Freedom" "Pious Courtships," and "Heavenly Bridals." He wields a facile pen, and gives in a most sprightly way the history of the Ebefians of Germany, Prince Arancmore of England, and the Oneida Community of this country. All these, and also the free-love principles which he represents, on the authority of a prominent member of their own body, as held by the whole four millions of American Spiritualists (a marvelous and atrocious exaggeration), are, he would have us believe, the quite natural outgrowth of revival-ism and pietism. We can heartily commend the mechanical execution of this volume, and the graphic style of its author; but its moral perversity is worthy of the man whose charges of plagiarism against Dr. Wallace, of Scotland, and Dr. March, of Philadelphia, were lately proved groundless, if not malicious.

HUMAN LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE. By HENRY GILES. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Giles delivered these lectures originally before the Lowell Institute, in Boston. They were largely attended by appreciative audiences; so largely that each evening lecture was repeated by request on the following day. From his sick-bed—a bed from which he can hope no other release than that which death affords—he now sends these pages forth. The many who have listened to the living lecturer will welcome the printed page as the memorial of a friend, and will be glad to contribute by its purchase to his too narrow purse. Of the lectures themselves it is nothing derogatory to say that we greatly miss the magnetism of the living presence. They partake more of philosophical discussion on subjects suggested by his favorite author than of literary criticism upon him. From an enthusiastic believer in the Bible we expect a commentary, not a criticism. So Mr. Giles is too enthusiastic a believer in the inspiration of Shakespeare's genius to criticise his work. But these lectures are none the less interesting on that account. No one can read them without a new appreciation of the marvelous genius of him whom our author well calls "The Great Unknown." To follow Mr. Giles in his analysis of Shakespeare's genius, as displayed in his representation of character, would take us beyond our legitimate limits. The lovers of Shakespeare, however, will find in the suggestions of this careful and thoughtful student great aid in understanding the greatest dramatic poet of all time.

LECTURES ON THE GOSPELS. For the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Church Year. By JOSEPH A. SEISS, D.D. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lutheran Bookstore.

If we had formed our opinion from the preface of this book, we should have said that the writer, though honest, was not so far advanced as the year of our Lord 30, when the great Exemplar's Sermons were suggested by the "incidents of the hour"; a common method which Dr. Seiss thinks particularly pernicious. We might agree with him that the "secularities of the moment should not *attract* the pulpit from the pure Word of God"; but we are also sure that the Gospel is to be applied to the incidents of the hour with *earnestness* and power. That the neglect to preach a series of discourses on the Gospel lessons is so lamentable does not appear to us; and we cannot commend our younger clergymen, as does Dr. Seiss, to mark out a course of preaching for a year from which they should not be swerved by the changing scenes about them. Dr. Seiss must read with far different eyes than ours the record of our Saviour's ministry, or so devout and earnest a man could never have drawn from it such conclusions.

The merit of these sermons—and we think they have much—is not that they were preached in a certain order, or on special Sundays; but that they are plain and simple expositions of portions of the Scriptures, and that they are applied to the hearts of men. Without presenting any new or striking views of Scripture truths, they afford a pleasant and profitable book for devotional reading.

THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE PAST AND IN THE FUTURE. By SAMUEL TYLER, LL.D. Second Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A graphic and partially popular history of the progress of philosophy is a desideratum. It would require, however, a mind at once scholarly, acute, and comprehensive to write it; and it might well task the best energies of such a mind. Prof. Tyler has rather straithened our sense of this want than provided adequately for it. This little volume of less than 250 pages is indeed scarcely more than a tract. Appearing originally in a series of review articles, it is rather a critique than a history. Such republications of pamphlet literature rarely, if ever, make a *book*. They are review articles still. The reader feels, if he does not see, the joints of the mosaic. We do not doubt that these articles are deserving of preservation. They do not really justify the expectations raised by the title-page.

DICTIONARY OF SHAKESPEREAN QUOTATIONS. Exhibiting the most forcible passages illustrative of the various passions, affections, and emotions of the human mind, selected and arranged in alphabetical order, from the writings of the eminent dramatic poet. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

All literary men who can afford it will place within easy reach of their studytables the complete and expensive concordances of Shakespeare and Milton. Yet these are but verbal dictionaries, useful to help when a passage is already in the mind. The present volume is rather a dictionary of topics; and as such is compiled with judgment, and is superior to any other volume of the kind that has been issued. It deserves an honored place among our books of reference, and will make those who use it more familiar with the greatest of poets.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

The Jones Family. A Genealogical and Brief History of the Descendants of William Jones, the emigrant ancestor of that name, who died at Gloucester, Mass., February 2, 1675. Edited by Rev. Frederick Jones. 8vo, pp. 406. John H. Dingman, New York.

Gleanings from French Gardens; Comprising an account of such features of French Horticulture as are considered worthy of adoption in English Gardens. By W. Robinson, F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 291. Geo. Routledge & Co., London.

Ante-Nicene Christian Library. The Writings of Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage. Translated by Rev. R. E. Wallis, Ph.D. Vol. I. Containing the Epistles and some other Treatises. 8vo, pp. 448. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

Ante-Nicene Christian Library. Vol. VII. Tertullian against Marcion. Translated by Peter Holmes, D.D. 8vo, pp. 504. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

A Strange Story, and the Haunted and the Haunters, or The House and the Brain. By E. Bulwer Lytton. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Hospital Dietary, or, Suitable Food for Hospital Patients. By Mary de Lacderman. 12mo, pp. 346. J. and A. Churchill and Miller, New York.

Cheever, the Misdemeanant; or The Church in the Wilderness. 18mo, pp. 258. Am. S.S. Union, Philadelphia.

A Man in Earnest. Life of A. H. Conant. By Robert Collyer. 16mo, pp. 238. Horace B. Fuller, Boston.

The Lives of General U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax. 12mo, pp. 72. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

Three Voices. By Warren Sumner Barlow. 12mo, pp. 161. Walker, White & Co., Chicago.

Littell's Living Age. Vol. IX. 8vo, pp. 824. Littell & Gay, Boston.

PAMPHLETS.

Proceedings of the Convention of Librarians held at Philadelphia, Oct. 1853. Reprinted from the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1867.

The Prodigal Son. By Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M.A., With a preface by Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D. Robert Brothers, Boston.

An Appeal from the Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association, Boston.

Catalogue of the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, Boston.

Catalogue of the Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute. Rev. Chas. H. Fowler, Pittsfield, Mass.

Catalogue of Lasell Female Seminary. Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, Auburndale, Mass.

Home Breitmann's Party. With other Ballads. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

Island of the Giant Falcons. By James Challen. Howard & Chubb, Philadelphia.

Catalogue of Union Christian College. Thomas Holmes, D.D., Merom, Ind.

Catalogue of Antioch University. Le Roy, N. Y. Evans Bros. Printers, Rochester.

PERIODICALS.

Historical Magazine, March and April numbers. Henry B. Dawson, Morrisania, N. Y.

Monthly Record of the Five Points House of Industry. July. C. B. Hall, New York. Nos. 1 to 4.

New Church Monthly, July. New Church Conference, Philadelphia.

American Phrenological Journal. August. Fowler & Wells, New York.

Congregational Quarterly. July. Rev. I. P. Langworthy, London.

Demorest's Young America. August. W. J. Demorest, New York.

Methodist Quarterly Review. July. Carlton & Lanahan, New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine. August. T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

Children's Friend Monthly. June. Children's Home, Cincinnati.

North American Review. July. Tickner & Fields, Boston.

Hours at Home. August. C. Scribner & Co. New York.

Putnam's Monthly. August. Putnam & Son, New York.

The Horticulturist. July. F. W. Woodward, New York.

Demorest's Monthly. August. W. J. Demorest, New York.

Massachusetts Teacher. July. D. W. Jones, Roxbury.

Christian Work. July. S. W. Partridge & Co., London.

Journal of Horticulture. July. Tilton & Co., Boston. Every Saturday. July 25th. Tickner & Fields, Boston.

The Sunday Magazine. July. Strahan & Co., London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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XI. WORMS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White.
XII. TWO ARTICLES OF COMED

The Farmers' Column.

THE LIFE OF A LEAF.

I. THE BUD.

Close within a downy cover
Here at rest I lie,
Half awake and half in slumber,
While the storms go by.

Sometimes vague, impatient strivings
Stir my life within;
Hopes of being something worthy,
Longing to begin.

Then again a soft contentment
Broodeth o'er my state;
When the time comes I am ready—
Until then I wait.

II. THE LEAFLET.

Is this then life? 'Tis glorious, so fair!
The soft, sweet breezes playing round our nest,
The summer fragrance growing everywhere,
The happy birds low cooing in their nest.

What meant the fear with which we put on life?
It is all good, and hope comes after joy;
Come anything in this delightsome strife—
Storms cannot daunt us, sunshine cannot cloy.

III. SUMMER LEAF.

Kiss me, kiss me, kingly sun,
Till I glow with crimson light,
Till along my veins shall run
Liquid luster glistening bright.

Let thy touch, so piercing sweet,
Hold me close and thrill me through,
Till I faint with languid heat,
Till for rest from thee I sue;
Hear me not, O king of light!
Let me die within thy sight.

IV. AUTUMN LEAF.

I wonder what has vanished from the world;
It was so bright a little while ago,
And now we leaves, upon the branches curled,
Hang wearily, just swaying to and fro.

Cold children, the cruel, biting sun;
It will not vail one smile to ease our pain:
No matter that, so his great course is run?
Must we, too, suffer, but the king must reign—
We are too weary even to complain.

V. FALLEN.

Some to clutch at the last weak hold
Of lower, and looser, and looser;
Some to leap into depths untold
Of cold, and closer, and closer.

Quivering, shivering,
Drawn from below;
Where shall we vanish to?
How shall we go?

Leaving the upper air,
Darkness everywhere,
Fall in dull despair,
There we lie low.

VI. ASLEEP.

Now it is so sweet to slumber—
Darkness that remaineth still;
Unheeding rains and frosts of Winter,
Strength of worn-out things of ill.

Where good there was within us
Ready dissolution of pain;
Cannot change its outward substance
Even in other leaves again.

DERIVATION OF ROSES AND FLOWERS.

The following essay was read by Mr. Henderson, at the meeting of the Growers' Club, No. 245 Broadway, Thursday, July 9th:

The subject of the "Management of Suitable for City Gardens" is comprehensive to be treated of in a brief as this must necessarily be.

From the fact of the majority of our city gardens being shaded for two-thirds of the day, many of our most beautiful flowers are not seen in perfection; for few of are the flowers that will bloom in the shade. But under these unfavorable circumstances people must do the best that can be done. The first flowering in Spring are the hyacinth, and crocus; these are particularly adapted for city gardens. Blooming at a time when most plants in partial shade, they enliven the garden in April, May, and when tender bedding plants are in the shelter for the greenhouse, succeed the Spring bulbs, planted in the same beds verbenas, petunias, lantanas, etc., as fancy may dictate. These are often raised from seeds to plant in the ground, but have contained bulbs, as their growth is better matured to the bulb which will be dug up and kept in a dry place when they have ripened off.

The most universal complaints of city gardens is that the rose will not do well with them. This is for two reasons: too much shade, and the increasing ravages of the insect tribe. The first difficulty we cannot always remove; however we have shade or sun, the increase of insect life; this, to avoid both difficulties, roses should ever be dusted to get the sunlight direct. Where there is no remedy so effectual as destroy the rose-slug as whale-oil soap in the proportion of one pound to a gallon of water. This, if applied on the rose-bushes, just when the bud begins to develop, and before the leaves are seen, and continued perhaps for eight or ten days, we guarantee an exemption from the rose-slug.

In the suburbs we have, however, a very pleasant ally to help us in exterminating our insect enemies in the English sparrow, which now infests our houses and gardens in immense numbers all along the line of the railroads, from Hoboken to Bergen Point, being found in greatest numbers, however, where they are best cared for. They favored with a full compliment of food, and they most gratefully return the favor given them in winter by their destroying a structure of the rose-slugs, etc., on our rose-grounds in Summer. It is not to require one hand doing little else but the whole Summer except to shake off and destroy the slugs on our rose-beds. Since the advent of our feathered friends in 1865, not an hour of such labor has been required. It may well be supposed, that the sparrows are tenderly cared for; but this has led me a little from my subject, for sparrows can hardly be available to suppress the insects in a city for, although they abound to a degree, nearly as much so as in the country, and seem never to be so much excited as when sheltered by the habitation of man, yet, with all their natural energy, they do not seem quite so much of mankind as is seen in the cities, and hence are not likely to become there in numbers sufficient to destroy insects in densely populated districts.

The varieties of roses best suited for city gardens, particularly in places where there is much sweep, we advise the cultivation only of the strongest growing and free flowering sorts. Of crimson roses we would name Agrippina and Washington; of pink, Lamoss and Duke of Yedow, Saffrona and Mme. Caroline, Mme. Mavin and Souvenir d'Malmaison, La Pheonix and C. Bourbon. Of color, La Pactole and Lamarque; of blush, P. ulline and Fleur de Neige. These comprise a few of the best sorts of the monthly or everblooming class. These, however, in most places, would not stand our severe winters unprotected; but this protection is very simple, and, in all places where they will not lay about the roots in winter, will be found to be entirely successful, the covering-up is delayed to the middle or end of December. The great danger is of covering too soon. The rose is almost a hardy plant, sustaining a frost of five or six degrees above zero without injury; therefore, there is no occasion to be frightened when the first cold snap comes in October or November, and go to covering them up then; for at that time they have not sufficiently ripened their shoots, and the covering-up, of course, prevents the further process of ripening, and the plant is often killed by the covering before the time the necessity occurs for covering at all.

The covering-up may be done in various ways. When done on a large scale, we bend down the plant to a slight excavation made on one side, so that when bent down the plant is about level with the surface; over this is placed a sod (grassy side downward) of a size sufficient to cover the whole plant, and the work is done. Or, where sods are not procurable, the soil itself will do nearly as well; or they may be wrapped up in the usual way, with two or three inches of straw. But, in whatever way it is done, let the caution be repeated against the common error of having the covering-up done too early in the season. Roses so protected have a three-fold value to any that can be purchased from the florists in the Spring. The roots being undisturbed, a vigorous, unchecked, and natural growth is given the succeeding Spring.

One of the most beautiful adornments to city gardens are climbing plants, besides being the most available to economize space.

Of climbing roses, Baltimore Belle, Prairie Queen, Fulgens, Madame Plantres, Scarlet Greville, and the new fragrant climber, Gem of the Prairies, originated by Adolphus Burgess, of East New York, stand unrivaled. All these are entirely hardy, requiring no protection in Winter, and embracing nearly all the shades of color found in the hardy section of climbing roses. There are many other suitable climbers among the forest, and best known are the blue and white Wistaria Honeysuckles of all sorts, the sweet-scented White Clematis, and those of the large flowering class, Clematis azurea, grandiflora, Jackmani, etc., whose flowers of blue, white, or purple, hovering among the foliage, look like mammoth butterflies. In direct contrast to these is the Bignonia, or Trumpet flower, with its trusses of orange, scarlet, and rampant growth—one of the best of all climbers to cover up a decaying tree or an unsightly outbuilding. Two comparatively scarce climbers are the Akebia quinata and Ampelopsis tricolor; the former a rapid climber of neat foliage, with unconspicuous flowers of brownish crimson, but exhaling a powerful and delicious perfume. The latter, having a vine-like foliage, marked with a silvery shading of white and rose, ornament sufficient without flowers, which in this also are not conspicuous.

Lilies of all kinds, particularly the Japan, do well in our city gardens, being generally free from the attacks of insects and disease, and, being all hardy, take care of themselves. The gorgeous gladiolus is now also much cultivated. It never fails to flower, and its beautiful markings in the different varieties are ever a source of wonder. This, however, must be cared for, as Jack Frost has no mercy on the gladiolus; but, whenever its stalks die off, the bulbs may be lifted, dried, and placed in any place where potatoes will not sprout. Before leaving the bulbs, we must not omit to name the tuberose, something that every one who cultivates a flower seems to think a necessity; but something, too, that does not always prove to be satisfactory—either that it does not flower at all, or its flowers come too late. For this section of the country, to have the full development of flower, the tuberose should be started either in a hot-bed or green-house in April, and planted out in the open air end of May or 1st of June.

Seeds of annuals are only fit to plant in sunny exposures; to sow annuals in the shade, a weakly existence will only be produced, giving few or no flowers and a spindling, straggling growth, of no beauty. But, in open exposures, asters, balsams, candytuft, mignonnette, phlox Drummondii, portulaca, stocks, zinnias, and many others, may be sown to produce excellent effect.

In our business we find a growing taste for hardy herbaceous plants; among our city customers our sales for such being ten times greater than it was three years ago. Prominent among those in demand are choicest pæonies and phloxes, of which there are now hundreds of varieties, perennial larkspurs, columbines, spireas, herbaceous, gentians, the new variegated grasses, and hundreds of others are desirable and well adapted for inclosed yards, the native habitat of many of these being shady woods or ravines. I am averse to the use of shrubs or trees in city gardens. Shrubs are, with few exceptions, such as bloom only for a very short period, and only once in the season; and the space of our city gardens is too valuable to be occupied for six months for the bloom only of two weeks or so in June or July. Besides, the great majority of shrubs grow too large for the limited space there allowed for the flower-beds, and tend too often to add additional shade to an already too-much-shaded spot. The proper arrangement of plants in the flower-border is such that few owners have the experience sufficient to properly adjust. A lady knows how to arrange the furniture of her parlor, for there, once placed, it will stay; but in arranging her flowers it is very different. The modest-looking plant of salvia is not half so large as the gaudy carnation, when planted in May; but before September is well in the carnation is nowhere to be seen, cavieoned in the scarlet mantle of the salvia. Again, the fuchsia, fresh from the forcing-house of the florist, is planted against the south side of the fence, and with its sconce of drooping buds and flowers holds its own for a week or two, but is not at home. Two or three days of blazing sun, with the thermometer among the nineties, comes, and the buds and flowers quickly shrivel and drop, and often the foliage also; while, had it been planted in partial shade, it would have bloomed in profusion for the Summer.

Another common error is in crowding the plants too much; and still another, and that too in exceedingly bad taste, in mixing flowers and vegetables in the same bed. It is no more out of place to put a cooking-stove or washtub in the parlor, *when there is another place to put them*, than it is to plant cabbages or corn in the flower-border. We now and then come across most ludicrous instances of this kind. A few years ago a gentleman called at my office, and gave me an order for plants to be sent to his house up-town. It was rather an extensive order for a city garden—numbering some 150 bedding-plants of various kinds, together with fifty tomato plants. All were duly forwarded; and I thought nothing further of the matter, until the gentleman called on me, two months after, saying that his plants had not done well—in fact, nothing at all had grown but the tomatoes. He had not a flower, he said, from all his large number; and insisted that I should go up with him and see what was the matter. Suspecting the trouble, I consented; and sure enough there were no flowers out what were on the tomatoes. He had first planted his tomato plants a foot apart each way, and then had filled the flowers in between them. The space containing the whole not to have been covered by a bed-quilt. The gentleman was evidently of a utilitarian turn of mind, and wished his seven-by-nine plot to be at once a source of ornament and use. The taste displayed in the majority of instances, both in our city and suburban gardening of New York, is yet very crude—not fit to be drawn into comparison with that of London or Paris, and even vastly inferior to that of Boston or Philadelphia. But Boston and Philadelphia have long been under the fostering care of their flourishing horticultural societies; while, to our shame be it spoken, the great City of New York, nor the adjacent cities of Brooklyn, Jersey, or Hoboken, do not in the whole possess one.

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PARLOR, LIBRARY, DINING, AND CHAMBER SUITES, LADIES' WORK-TABLES, FLOWER-STANDS, AND FANCY CHAIRS, etc., etc.

WM. H. LEE,
Nos. 199 and 201 Fulton St.,
Between Broadway and Greenwich st., N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE,
IN
ROSEWOOD AND WALNUT SUITS, OR OTHERWISE.
ALSO
Parlor Sofa and Secretary Bedstead,
With a full Spring and Hair Mattress.
Manufactured and Sold by
J. F. C. PICKHARDT,
167 Bleecker st., Cor. Sullivan.

CLOTHING.

UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
IMPORTER OF
Men's Fine Furnishing Goods,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Dress Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs.
Orders by Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

GEO. M. TRACY continues to make his fine Improved Yoke Shirts to order, and a perfect fit warranted. The best and cheapest in the city. Give trial will convince any one of his superior skill in the manufacture and fitting of shirts.
Three and four-ply Linen Collars,
Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery,
Spring and Summer Undergarments.
A complete assortment of all kinds Men's Furnishing Goods, Wholesale and Retail, by
GEO. M. TRACY, Agt.,
No. 130 Williams st., N. Y.

INSURANCE.

DIVIDENDS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

OFFICE OF
CONTINENTAL
Insurance Company,
No. 102 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK, July 9, 1868.

Cash Capital,	$500,000 00
Gross Surplus,	1,512,622 50
Total Cash Assets,	2,012,622 50

This Company has this day declared a dividend of
FIFTY PER CENT.
to its customers upon the premiums earned during the year ending 1st instant.
On all Policies Entitling the Holders to Participate in the Profits of the Company's Business,
and Scrip will be issued on the 15th day of September to policyholders for the amounts to which they are respectively entitled.
ALSO, A CASH DIVIDEND FOR THE PAYMENT IN FULL OF THE SCRIP ISSUED IN 1862,
with Six Per Cent Interest thereon,
PAYABLE AUGUST 5TH NEXT.
Also a Cash Interest Dividend of
SIX PER CENT.
on outstanding Scrip for the years 1863, '64, '65, '66, '67,
Payable on the 15th Day of Sept.
Scrip Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th day of September.
Also, a Semi-Annual Cash Dividend of
EIGHT PER CENT.
UPON THE CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY,
payable to the Stockholders, or to their legal representatives.
On and after Friday, 10th Inst.
CEO. T. HOPE, Prest.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice-Prest.
CYRUS PECK, Secretary.

HOME
Insurance Company
Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital -	$2,000,000 00
Assets Jan. 1, 1868 - - -	3,623,896 78
Liabilities - - - - - -	107,490 55

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

SECURITY
Life Insurance
AND
ANNUITY COMPANY,
31 and 33 Pine Street,
NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:
ROBERT L. CASE, President.
THEO. R. WETMORE, Vice-Pres't.
ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:
EDWARD HAIGHT,
EDWARD WOOD,
CHARLES R. SWORDS,
JOHN C. SCHEIBELI,
ROBT. LINDLEY MURRAY,
FRANCIS T. WESTON,
WILLIAM HUBBARD,
JOHN H. PRAPER,
JOSEPH F. KNAPP,
JAMES M. DRAKE,
JAMES BRETT,
FRANCIS PAYSON,
AUGUSTUS TAPPE,
JOHN W. GRAYDON,
ISAAC W. BELLAMY, Brooklyn, L. I.
NATH. B. WEED, Dutchess Co.,
WM. H. WILLIS, Newburgh, N. Y.,
GEORGE INNIS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
ROBERT BOWNE,
CHARLES T. GODWIN,
SIDNEY WINTERSMITH,
EDWARD MARSHALL,
ROBERT L. CASE,
THEODORE R. WETMORE,
ISAAC H. ALLEN,
J. SPLSON PAPPAN,
EDWIN G. TITUS,
CHARLES BROWNE,
REUBEN H. LONG, Jr.,
JOHN T. WILLETS,
A. R. WETMORE,
ROBERT B. ROWLAND,
SANDFORD R. KNAPP, Peekskill, N. Y.,
JAMES PAINE, Newburgh, N. Y.,
DAVID MOORE,
EDWARD C. JONES, New Bedford, Mass.

No Restriction on Travel, except in the Tropics.

Policies Incontestable after Three Annual Payments, except in case of Fraud.

This Company offers as great inducements to those PAYING THEIR PREMIUMS ALL

IN CASH

as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.

ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by the Table Annexed:

	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	Total.	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	New Policies.
	1,077	1,213	1,408	808	312	No. of Policies issued each year.
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	
	1,077	2,290	3,698	4,506	1,818	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	Gross Receipts.
	$200,000	$413,000	$661,000	$808,000	$327,000	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	Amount Insured by New Policies.
	$1,076,076	$2,290,000	$3,698,000	$4,506,000	$1,818,000	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	Total Gross Assets.
	$200,000	$613,000	$1,274,000	$2,082,000	$2,409,000	
	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.
	$200,000	$413,000	$661,000	$808,000	$327,000	

For General or District Agencies apply to the officer of the Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Pine street, N. Y.

☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
New York January 25th, 1868.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, have this day declared a Dividend of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867 ..... $7,000,000 00
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867 ..... 3,000,000 00
Total amount of Marine Premiums $10,000,000 00

No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.

Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867 ..... $7,000,000 00
Losses paid during the same period 4,000,000 00
Returns of Premiums and Expenses 1,000,000 00

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock $4,000,000 00
City, Bank, and other Stocks 4,000,000 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise 2,000,000 00
Real Estate, bought for debts and Mortgages 200,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at 200,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable 3,000,000 00
Cash in Bank 800,000 00
Total Amount of Assets $14,000,000 00

Six per cent. Interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.

Fifty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1863 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBT. G. FERGUSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT, HENRY K. BOGERT, JOSHUA J. HENRY, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr., J. HENRY DUNHAM, CORNELIUS GRINNELL, C. A. HAND, E. J. HOWLAND, HENRY BABCOCK, FLETCHER WESTRAY, ROBT. B. MINTURN, Jr., GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE S. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PAUL SPOFFORD, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
C. A. HAND, 3d Vice-President.

PACIFIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
Trinity Building, No. 111 Broadway.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1868, - - - $1,050,378.

AVERAGE OF PROFITS, TWENTY-SEVEN PER CENT.

This Company insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, on Cargo and Freight.
No Time Risks, or Risks upon Hulls of Vessels, are taken.

The Profits of the Company, ascertained, from January, 1853, to January, 1, 1867, for which Certificates were issued, amounting to $1,923,940 00
Additional Profits to January 1st, 1868 ..... 149,312 00
Total Profits for Thirteen Years $2,073,252 00
The Certificates previous to 1864 have been Redeemed in Cash 1,235,910 00

New York, Feb. 12th, 1868.

JOHN K. MYERS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice-President.
THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

PHENIX
INSURANCE COMPANY,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
OFFICES: (No. 12 COURT ST., Brooklyn. (No. 139 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Cash Capital, - - -	$1,000,000 00
Surplus, Jan. 1st, 1868 - -	558,567 73
Total - - - - - - -	$1,558,567 73

Fire, Marine, and Inland Insurance transacted at liberal rates. Losses equitably adjusted and paid in cash.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,512,622 50
CASH ASSETS	$2,012,622 50

THE

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandize, household furniture, farm property, including stock. Rents, Leases, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the Participating Plan, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $600,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, '61, and '62, are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. Low	A. A. Low & Brothers.
John D. Myers	David Dows & Co.
R. B. Carpenter	S. B. Chittenden & Co.
Loring Andrews	Lorins Andrews & Son.
Carlos Cobb	
Wm. T. Coleman	Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
Wm. H. Swan	Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
William T. Booth	Booth & Edge.
Chas. M. Connolly	Connolly & Co.
William V. Brady	
George W. Lane	Geo. W. Lane & Co.
Chas. Corey Lefee	C. C. & H. M. Tabee.
Charles D. Barnes	Barnes, Brothers & Co.
Henry C. Bowen	Henry C. Bowen.
Jonathan B. Coles	Pennington, Hoit & Co.
James Fraser	Fraser, Major & Co.
William M. Valk	
Horace Barker	Barker, Butler & Parsons.
Lawrence Turnure	Moses Taylor & Co.
Shepard Gandy	Sheppard Gandy.
George Griswold	N. L. & G. Griswold.
Royal A. Peyton	Peyton & Co.
Chas. Curtis	President Washington Life Ins. Co.
William H. Webb	Jas. E. Morgan & Son.
Wm. Allen Butler	
Henry A. Meadows	Pres't Inst. Continental Bank.
D. H. Arnold	President of Mercantile Bank.
Charles Lanman	C. H. Marshall & Co.
L. H. Bingham	Late Fridham & Carson.
Wellington Clapp	Late Clapp & Kent.
Reuben Johnson	Johnson & Lenards.
John Caswell	John Caswell & Co.
Henry E. Stanton	Standing, Pratt & Co.
John Paine	
Joseph Battell	Paterson, Battell & Co.
Robert M. Olcott	Olcott, Macomber & Co.
Robert S. Stephenson	George S. Stephenson & Co.
George Moore	F. Pavenstedt & Co.
Wm. H. Richards	Richards & Collins.
John D. Ellis	Ellis & Chandler.
Henry Eyre	
Charles H. Booth	Charles H. Booth & Co.
Edward Martin	Grosvenor & Co.
Horace B. Claflin	H. B. Claflin & Co.

CHARLES PECK, Secretary.

MANHATTAN
Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

HENRY STOKES, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

ADVANTAGES TO INSURERS:

SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.
EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY CASH COMPANY.
LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.
INSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.
DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.
NO CLAIMS UNPAID.
ALL KINDS OF NON-FORFEITING LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ISSUED.
POLICIES INCONTESTABLE.
ALL ENDOWMENT POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER ONE PAYMENT.

The following are examples of the operations of the last dividend:
POLICIES ISSUED IN 1859 ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO.

Age at issue.	Amount Insured.	Premium Paid.	Added to Policy.	Total Am't Pol.
20	$10,000	$1,290	$0,572	$10,572
23	8,000	1,032	2,048	10,048
30	7,500	705	2,703	10,203
35	7,000	571	2,505	9,505

This is an entirely new plan, giving insurers the largest return ever made by any company in the same period.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., General Agent for Maine and New Hampshire.
J. MASON EVERETT, Boston, Massachusetts, General Agent for Eastern Massachusetts.
C. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, Gen'l Agent for Western New York.
E. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, Gen'l Agent for Western New York.
L. D. WINSLOW, Erie, Pennsylvania, Gen'l Agent for Pennsylvania.
BUCKINGHAM & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Gen'l Agents for Ohio, Indiana & C.

THE

EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*

Cash Assets, - - $6,000,000.

Annual Premium Income, $4,000,000

THE EQUITABLE'S RATIO OF TOTAL CASH DISBURSEMENTS FOR DEATHS EXPENSES (EXCLUSIVE OF PROFIT DEMANDS TO POLICY-HOLDERS) TO CASH PREMIUM RECEIPTS HAS BEEN LESS DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY DOING BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Bank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American Companies, as to New Business done since its organization, stands as follows:

In 1859 it was the Ninth. In 1864 and 1865 the Sixth.
In 1861 the Eighth. In 1866 the Fourth.
In 1862 and '63 the Seventh. In '67 (fiscal y'r) the Second.

It is unquestionably the most successful Company ever organized, and, for its years,

The Largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World!

MERCANTILE
MUTUAL (MARINE)
Insurance Company
No. 35 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

Assets, - - - $1,464,419

This Company takes Marine and Inland Navigation Risks on Merchandize, Freight, and Hulls of Vessels. On the payment of Premiums a Rebate or Discount on the current rates is made *in cash* as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of a Mutual Company. The amount of such Rebate, being fixed according to the character of the business, gives to Dealers a more just apportionment of profits than by the mutual system; and, being *made in cash*, on payment of the Premium, is more than equivalent to the *cash value* of the average Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold in this City, or in Sterling at the Office of the Company's Bankers in Liverpool, if desired.

TRUSTEES:

James Freeland,	Aaron L. Reid,
Samuel Willetts,	Fallwood Walter,
Robert L. Taylor,	D. Colden Murray,
William T. Frost,	E. Haydock White,
William Watt,	N. L. McCready,
Henry Eyre,	Daniel T. Willetts,
Cornelius Grinnell,	L. Fosdinton,
Joseph Slagg,	Henry R. Kunhardt,
Jas. D. Fish,	John S. Williams,
Geo. W. Hennings,	William Nelson, Jr.,
A. Foster Higgins,	Charles Dimon,
Francis Hathaway,	Harold Dollner,
A. William Heyn,	Paul N. Spofford.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-Pres't.
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

THE BERKSHIRE
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.
ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITING.
Excellent opportunities for Agents. Good canvassers wanted in liberal terms.

THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. Winston, President,

Furnishes Insurance Combining the Advantages Offered by all Other Companies, with Unequaled Financial Security.

Office, Broadway and Liberty Street, New York.

ASSETS,

OVER $25,000,000 IN CASH.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-President.

JOHN M. STUART, Secretary. SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary. LEWIS G. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

Applications for Insurance or for Agencies may be made to the following

GENERAL AGENTS.

F. Hatchford Starr, General Agent for Pennsylvania and Delaware, 409 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. B. Merrell, General Agent for Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, Detroit, Mich.
L. Spencer Goble, General Agent for New Jersey, 220 Broad street, Newark, N. J.
Hale Remington, General Agent for Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, Fall River, Mass.
H. S. Homans, General Agent for Pacific Coast, 421 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
James A. Rhodes, General Agent for Southern New York, No. 157 Broadway, New York.
O. F. Bangs, General Agent for Virginia, West Virginia, District of Columbia, and Maryland, 21 South street Baltimore, Md.
John G. Jennings, General Agent for Ohio, Cleveland, Ohio.
John T. Chubbuck, General Agent for Northern New York, Troy, N. Y.
Stephen Parks, General Agent for Western New York, Troy, N. Y.
Frank H. Little, General Agent for Long Island and Staten Island, 132 Broadway, New York.
Benjamin D. Kennedy, General Agent for Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee, Louisville, Ky.
S. J. Scov

JOHN & HUGH AUCHINCLOSS,
Sole Agents in New York for J. & P. COATS',
at Paisley, Scotland.

Clothing-manufacturers and purchasers of Spool cotton for use on Sewing Machines, demanding the best and strongest

SIX-CORD,

of Nos. 8 and J. & P. COATS' No. 50, 60, & 70

Expressly adapted to their wants.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS IN GOLD $1,350,000.

DIRECTORS IN NEW YORK.

LOUIS McLANE, Esq., Pres't, WELLS, FARGO & Co.
C. LEES, Esq., of LEES & WALLER.
FREDERIC B. BULLENS, Esq.,
WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, Esq.
D. C. KELLOGG, Esq.
MOSES KLLIS, Esq., Boston.

Stockholders of this Company are individually liable for its debts, in addition to which $150,000 will be held in the State of New York for the security of Policyholders.

FRAME, HARE & LOCKWOOD,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 202 Broadway.

SHALER'S FAMILY SCALES
Are Indespensable to the Housewife.

Three sizes are now offered, weighing 18 lbs., 25 lbs., and 30 lbs. AGENTS AND THOROUGH CANVASSERS are finding profitable employment. More agents are wanted. Send for pamphlet, containing descriptive price-list, etc.

ALVAH BUSHNELL, General Agent,
No. 23 Courtlandt street, New York.

OTIS SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.
OTIS BROS. & CO.,
No. 309 Broadway, New York.

GENUINE
Waltham Watches
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches.....$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 carat cases.....80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size.....70 00

Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express, with bill to collect on delivery, to any part of the country, and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.

We have prepared a descriptive price-list, explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

☞ Please mention that you saw this in THE INDEPENDENT. Address in full

HOWARD & Co.,
No. 619 Broadway, N. Y.

Financial & Commercial.

REPUDIATION.

BY NEAL DOW.

COMMERCIAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

SIR:—The proposition in Congress to repudiate a part of our national debt is as impolitic as it is dishonorable. If the Government were intending to close up business, and retire on the proceeds of the robbery, like a fraudulent bankrupt, it might answer; but to swindle its creditors openly, shamelessly, at the time when it is proposing to hire more money, is a policy as stupid as the act is infamous.

Those persons who propose to "pay off" our bonds with greenbacks speak of the process and treat it as if it were really a *paying off* the debt; when, in fact, it is only canceling one promise to pay by issuing another. Nothing is *paid*, the process is only an exchange. The greenbacks are a *promise* of the nation to pay in gold; and no possible advantage can accrue to the Government by substituting them for bonds, unless it is expected and intended that they will become by their great quantity worthless, like the Continental currency, and never be paid.

I have had considerable acquaintance in moneyed circles in England, and have been pained and humiliated to observe that even among our friends there was a doubt, a shyness, of our national honor in relation to its obligations. For a long time money was accumulated in London in immense quantities, without employment or prospect of any, and could be had to any extent on call with good security at one to two per cent., and on long time at three per cent. And this while American five-twenties were standing at 70 or 71 on Change! I had frequent conversations with English and Scotch gentlemen on the subject of investment in American securities; and found there was a general fear that, for some political or party purpose, our Government might repudiate its obligations, wholly or partially. I was often asked to give my opinion frankly; and said I was sure there was no public opinion in my country that would sanction or even tolerate any measure that would imply a repudiation of our obligations in any degree whatever. In Aberdeen, a gentleman came to see me, expressly to inquire into this subject. He had already invested largely in American securities, and had intended to increase the amount very much; but a suggestion had been made to him that, as the bonds did not stipulate on their face that payment of the principal would be made in gold, our Government might take advantage of that omission and pay in currency. I assured him there could be no danger of this, unless the Democratic party should obtain possession of the Government; because such a measure would be a repudiation of the difference in value between gold and greenbacks, which I was sure the Republican party would never adopt or sanction. Soon after that conversation, Mr. McCulloch issued a circular, stating, in answer to many inquiries, that all United States bonds had been paid in gold, and the same practice would obtain in the future.

Three weeks ago, a gentleman connected with the Finance Department of the Dominion was at my house; and, in a long conversation about the present and future of Canada, spoke of a large loan soon to be obtained in London for the Dominion, with the Imperial guaranty; and, in answer to my question, said the rate would be not over three and three-quarters. And *that* in the market where American six per cents would not command over seventy-one or two! The reason is that the Imperial guaranty is undoubtedly good for its face, while American honor could not be implicitly trusted to make good either its word or its bond.

The United States is spoken of freely in England as the "Great Republic"; the "great country"; "the wonderful country, with boundless resources and amazing facilities and appliances for the accumulation of wealth." And yet, because it is a republic in which universal suffrage prevails, there was a fear to trust the honor of the Government in the payment of its obligations; so that to-day Canada could sell in London any reasonable amount of her debt bonds at par, with the [illegible]

rial guaranty, while American six per cent. bonds are a drug in the same market at 71 to 72! Why? Because they distrust our honor and our good faith in the redemption of our promises to pay.

An undoubted credit is as important to a nation as to an individual; and England experiences the benefit of it whenever the Government wishes to contract a loan. The English Government could now raise more money on three per cent. bonds at par in London than our Government could on seven per cent. bonds, and in shorter time; a fact to be attributed solely to the unwise and wicked tampering with our national credit and honor in our political assemblies and especially in our halls of Congress. When I was in England, I became acquainted with the fact that a gentleman I was visiting had a very large amount of money "fall in" from the sale of extensive estates. The son suggested its investment in American five-twenties, that were then standing at 69—70; but, after consultation with friends, the investment was made in English threes, at 93 per cent.! The difference was just the value *in the market* of an established character for financial rectitude and honor.

If our people and our Congress had given no cause for this foul suspicion of our integrity, our bonds would stand higher in every European market than those of any other nation; and, as they fall in, could be replaced in any quantity at 3 to 3½ per cent., thus practically reducing our debt at once by nearly or quite fifty per cent. As the matter stands now, how can the Government manage it? Pay off five hundred millions in greenbacks, as the Democrats—and *some Republicans*—propose? That single operation would send greenbacks down to one-half, one-third, or even one-quarter of their present value, and would make us infamous in the estimation of all honorable men. But, can these bonds be replaced by others to an equal amount? Who will take them? Where can they be sold? The question has now assumed formidable proportions, even in Congress, whether the Government obligations shall be repudiated or not; and a majority vote has actually been taken in the Lower House to repudiate one-tenth of the whole indebtedness—more than two hundred and fifty millions!

Whether it is now too late to retrace our steps, and recover a little of the good opinion of the world as to our honor in financial matters, time will show; but there is no object more important than that to which our statesmen can address themselves.

IN MEMORIAM.

COMMERCIAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

SIR:—For about a year past the advertisement of "Belding, Keith & Co., American Bankers and Merchants, No. 80 Lombard St., London, E. C.," has appeared weekly in THE INDEPENDENT. About a month since the papers reported the failure of this house with heavy liabilities, and, a week or two later, the sad finale was given in the suicide of Geo. W. Belding, in the Ludlow Street Jail of this city. Several accounts of this brief, and thus sadly-ended career have been presented to the public, all more or less incorrect. As a prominent business man it is but due to his memory that the truth should be given.

He was a native of Johnson, Vermont, where his bereaved parents still reside. When a mere boy, he exhibited remarkable business qualifications, and at the age of twenty-one left his home to try his fortune in the wide world. In his own mind he had decided to go to California, the West, or England. It was in the commercial crisis of 1857. The West promised nothing; a letter received in New York from a friend in California advised him not to go there; consequently, he went to England, having very little money left after landing in Liverpool. Thence he went to Manchester; presented himself, without letters of introduction or credentials of any kind, to an American firm doing a commission business there; told them he wished to learn the business, caring only for sufficient pay to support himself; and they, won by his *bonhommie* and directness, took him as clerk. He was with them two years; and, on the *quiz* ative for an opening, he discovered that hoop-skirts, as now manufactured, were made on but a very small scale in England. He, therefore, wrote to the Thompsons, in New York; who at his suggestion went over, took him as partner, established a large manufactory in London, and afterward several on the Continent.

Meantime his former employers were unfortunate in business, and, having acquired the means of so doing, he remitted to them the full amount they had paid him while with them, stating in his deli. cate way that he owed it to them, as the knowledge he had acquired had been worth far more to him. The amount, about $500, was, however, returned to him; and he then made collections among his friends and the friends of humanity, and sent the whole, $1,500, to the Sanitary or Christian Commissions in New York. Nor was this the only time he furnished material aid during the war.

When to sympathize with the struggling North was to be both unpopular and contemptible in London, then full of blatant and *feted* secessionists, his voice, his pen, his purse, and influence were turned unmistakably in the other scale. Equally generous and unostentatious, while spending the summer of 1865 in his Vermont home, he offered to pay for one year, and the years to come according as he was prospered, the tuition of all the orphaned children of soldiers who had fallen in battle, in the three several academies of his native county. A year later, to another friend in this country, that he thought fitted for the service, he proposed to furnish, support, and pay for labor given as one of the hard-working and useful Bible-readers in London.

Between two and three years ago, he went into the firm of Belding, Keith & Co., and by his tact and sagacity, evinced in many new and before unthought of ways, he had soon built up a favorable reputation in England and this entire country. But reverses came, of which I know nothing, but from the vague statements of the papers. Honorable and true, he telegraphs to his creditors here when he will arrive to settle up the indebtedness of the firm. Two firms in Boston—let us hope that no other city in the Union can boast of such magnanimous business men!—are lying in wait as he returns to his native land. They seize upon him, and, in default of $34,000 bail, he is thrust like a common felon into jail.

Young, noble, and generous, sore sick at heart with mortification and a keen sense of defeat and disgrace, he spends a few days there. Deeper and deeper sinks the iron into his soul. His lovely and much-beloved wife, with their two helpless children, are hourly expected. He cannot face her there, a disgraced prisoner. Reason totters; and so, in the shadowy darkness of the Saturday night of June 20th, he invoked with his own hand the death-angel who should take him to that eternal Sabbath in the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," perishing in the same manner as did his unremembered but highly-revered mother, in a fit of insanity, thirty years before.

And this is the end of that hopeful, promising young life: a pale, dead face, bathed in blood, that cries from the ground for pity and vengeance; a heart-broken wife and two orphaned children, with this inheritance of sorrow. God comfort the wife and care for the orphans, as he only can. But yea and verily it were better far to sit thus with the wife in her unspoken bitterness of widowhood than, like the pitiless, traitorous creditors, to be haunted by the memory of the man they have mercilessly goaded even unto death.

M. H. W., JR.

A SUCCESSFUL COMPANY.

SOME of the results of Endowment Policies in THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK are surprising. We have seen one which matured on the fourteenth of the present month, and was paid on that day, giving the following figures:

The mutual premiums were $433.67,

each, and were paid for eleven years. These payments, compounded at six per cent., amount to $6,883. The amount received by the owner of the policy was $6,978 50.

The return of all the premiums paid with more than six per cent. compound interest, besides a life insurance for eleven years, can certainly be called *a good investment.*

We are informed that all the endowment policies which have matured in this company thus far produce results equally satisfactory.

The assets of the company now amount to more than twenty-seven millions of dollars, and are exclusively cash.

MONEY MARKET.

THE most noticeable characteristic of the money market for the past week has been the large rise in the price of gold; it having gradually risen to 143¼ on Friday, selling up to 144 on Saturday, and closing at 143¾ on Monday. There was an unlooked-for activity, too, in Government securities of all classes, and a general disposition to purchase both gold and Governments for higher prices. The bulls in gold are confidently predicting 145 within the next week. The extraordinary heat of the weather in the early part of the week causing many large operators to absent themselves from Broad Street, there was a slight panicy feeling developed, which showed itself mostly in sales of New York Central R. R. But the bears who ventured on selling that stock got badly twisted by Saturday, when it rose again to 135. The declaring of a four per cent. semi-annual dividend, the payment of which will still leave the company in possession of nearly two millions surplus cash, was a rather singular pretext for selling the stock short. The anticipated extra dividend is perfectly sure to come; but the Commodore will take his own time in declaring it.

Money remains in abundant supply at 3 to 5 per cent. on call loans, and 5 to 6 on good business paper.

The bank statement for the week is unexpectedly favorable, and will remove any cause of apprehension on the score of an easy money market from the minds of business men. We anticipated a favorable bank statement, but not one which exhibits so many good points.

The deposits show an increase of $3,810,608, the legal-tender notes of $3,016,003, and the specie of $1,163,683; while the loans have decreased $1,232,218, and the circulation has been reduced $64,091. The total of the statements for each of the last two weeks are as follows:

	July 11.	*July 18.*
Loans	$284,147,708	$282,915,490
Specie	19,237,143	20,400,826
Circulation	31,998,202	31,934,111
Deposits	201,220,141	205,130,749
Legal-tenders	56,331,842	71,347,845

In addition to the favorable condition of our banks, the passage of Senator Cattel's bill for the issue of $25,000,000 of 3 per cent. certificates, to take the place of the same amount of compound-interest notes has a buoyant influence on the market.

Extreme caution appears to be the rule among the managers of our financial institutions, as well as among our private bankers. Due attention is given to the expected demand for money to send West next month, and every prudent precaution is taken to avoid and provide against a sudden pressure for currency. It cannot be said that there is anything like an unhealthy speculative feeling in the business community, nor even in that maelstrom of speculation, the Stock Exchange; and, were it not for the uncertainty attending the action of Congress in relation to the Funding Bill of Senator Sherman, there would be very little difficulty in foretelling the future course of the money market, at least for the coming three months.

Among the stocks that have suddenly come into favor in Broad Street is Milwaukee and St. Paul's Preferred, which jumped up two per cent. on Saturday. Illinois Central, which is the only one of the great Western roads whose returns exhibit a reduction of business for the last six months, has sold as high as 150 ex-dividend, which is equal to 166. The Northwestern roads are very strong. The Preferred now leads the Common by only one per cent., and they are both running up to par. In spite of all the efforts to keep down Old Southern, it keeps rising, up to 92½; and the dividend of 4 per cent., semi-annual, will send it still higher. Erie is in a fair way of becoming a well-behaved stock. The "speculative director" is out of the direction; and, with the addition of the two new men in the board, Messrs. Stuart and Bancker, its management will be in better hands than it has been in for many years.

The whole list of speculative stocks has considerably improved; while the standard investment stocks all rule higher.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—Since the date of our last weekly review our market for Western and State Flour has ruled quite dull; the consumptive and export demand has been limited, the trade being well stocked. Prices generally have had a downward tendency, and we note a decline, closing dull and irregular. Most grades are lower under favorable news from Europe and an advance in freights. California Flour has ruled quiet, prices have declined and close heavy. Southern Flour has also ruled dull, prices have declined and close heavy. Canadian Flour is dull, and in the absence of sales prices are nominal. In Rye Flour there has been a fair business, and prices have fluctuated, closing irregular. Common brands are lower, while choice are firm. Corn Meal has met with a fair business, but at lower prices, closing steady with a moderate inquiry. In Wheat we have still to note a very heavy and depressed market; advices from Europe have been of an unfavorable character, and this, with the reduced limits of foreign orders and splendid weather for securing the crop of Winter Wheat, have greatly increased the desire to sell, and to do so a marked abatement has been made. At the concession of 20@21 cts. per bush. on Spring we note a better inqu ry. Exporters and millers have operated to some extent. The impression is so general that the crop of Winter and Spring Wheats will be very large that the trade is completely demoralized; and prices are somewhat nominal. Now our advices in regard to the yield of Winter Wheat are quite unfavorable, taken together. In some sections they have secured a most excellent crop. Fully two-thirds of our letters say: "We are greatly disappointed in the yield." In Northern and Central Ohio, and a portion of Indiana and Michigan they have not secured more than a full crop, and the quality is fair to choice. South of the Ohio River the crop is far below the general expectations. A part of the State of Tennessee the crop is very good; and this is true of a few counties in Kentucky, also a few counties in Southern and Northern Indiana. Where threshing has become general, there is much disappointment. This will apply more especially to states south of us. North of us threshing has not become general, and our advices are more favorable than we had expected; though this may be changed when threshing is more general. The accounts from this state and Canada are favorable, though very little Wheat has been cut. From the North west our advices are not so favorable; the crop is suffering from the drought, and much apprehension is expressed that it will be greatly injured unless we have rain speedily. The Government agents make the increase in the area under Spring Wheat twenty-eight per cent., and under Winter eleven per cent., as compared with last year; so that, if we have a very moderate yield, we shall have a considerable surplus for export. Our receipts of New have been extremely light, and prices of good qualities have been very well sustained, even with liberal arrivals a rapid falling off in prices is not improbable. At the close the market is dull, under unfavorable news from Europe and an advance in freights. Prices of Sp ing have declined. In Winter Wheat, however, there has been a fair inquiry at full prices. Barley has been dull; and, in the absence of sales, prices are nominal. Barley Malt, too, remains quiet. Canada Peas are steady, with a fair business. Rye has been dull, prices have declined, and close heavy. Oats have met with a fair business, but at lower and variable prices. The receipts have been more liberal, and, stocks increasing, a decline has been submitted to; this has induced a better demand, and prices at the close are firm at a slight advance. Corn has been in active demand, the inquiry being chiefly for the home trade, though we have had a good demand for export; and, but for the advance in freights and the absence of good sound cargoes, the business would have been much larger. Nearly all that arriving is found to be out of condition, and the major part of the New in store is unsound—the intense warm weather of the past week has greatly injured it—hence we have a very wide range in prices. Old has been held with great confidence, as its condition is generally good; and it is now very evident our surplus of sound Corn for export this season is moderate. Closing dull and heavy, owing to less favorable news from Europe and an advance in freights.

BROOM CORN.—The inquiry is fair and the market is steady. Common is scarce—Sales of good to choice at 12@15 cts. per pound.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—A fair business was done in most articles coming under this heading, and the market has ruled quite steady. We quote as follows: Bricks—Pale, per M, $8@$9 50; Common Hard, per M, $10@$12; Croton, per M, $18@$22; Philadelphia Front, per M, $40@45. Cement—Rosendale, per barrel, $1 75. Hair—Cattle, per bushel, 35 cts.; Mixed, per bushel, 60 cts.; Goat, per bushel, 70 cts. Laths—Eastern, per M, $2 75@3. Lime—Rockland Lump, per barrel, $1 10@2. Plaster Paris—Blue Nova Scotia, per ton, $4; White Nova Scotia, per ton, $4 50@5; Calcined Eastern, per barrel, $2 40 (or Cleaned Knickerbocker Mills, and $2 50 for Empire Mill s.

COAL.—The inquiry is fair for Domestic and the market is firm. Many dealers are disposed to wait the public sale announced for Wednesday. Sales from yard at $3 75@$5 25 per ton of 2,000 pounds. Foreign has been in fair demand and is firmer, the inquiry confined to gas companies chiefly.

COFFEE.—The amount of business transacted in Brazil Coffee has been lighter; but we notice a continued firm feeling on the part of holders, with no disposition to operate, except at full figures, the latest advices from Rio Janeiro being of an encouraging tenor. Jobbers appear to want some stock, but their bids are ¾@¾ ct. below the views of sellers, and nothing of importance has been consummated. For otherwise there is little or no inquiry, and rates continue nominal. We quo'e at 10@11¼ cts. for fair to good cargoes Rio, in bon'; 13½@18 cts. for lots do., duty paid; 22@23½ cts. for Java, and 15@17½ cts. for Maracaibo, all gold.

COTTON.—This market is devoid of any features of interest. Spinners continued to buy to a fair extent from day to day, and during the week succeeded in obtaining a reduction of about ⅛ ct. per lb.; but latterly a portion of the decline has been recovered, and holders are not pressing sales. Further advices from the crop are very favorable—in fact, rather more so than at the date of our last; and no serious injury is anticipated, either by weather or worms, from this time forward. At the close our market is quiet and steady at 31½@32 cts. for Middling Uplands, to 33@32½ cts. for New Orleans and Texas.

GUANO.—The demand is fair for Peruvian at $87@$88 per ton, currency. The supply is ample.

HAY.—We have had a fair business in both shipping and retail lots. The former has ruled steady and the latter advanced, closing firm.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a very fair activity in Mess Pork during the week; but holders were rather anxious to realize, and, with free offerings, prices have gradually worked downward, closing without much strength at the decline. Other styles meet with a good re tail demand and are firmer We quote Old Mess $28@$28 50, New Mess $28 12½@$28 18¾, Sour Mess $27@$27 25, and $22@$23 for Prime and Extra Prime. Rates for future delivery are still undetermined, in the absence of transactions. Beef has sold a little more freely; and on the prime and medium qualities prices are very firm, and not much offered. We quote at $5@$13 for Common brands, $14@$21 for Plain Mess, and $20@$25 for Extra Mess. Three Beef is very dull and prices merely nominal. Beef Hams have been rather more active, but at easier rates, closing at $20@$33. Cut Meats continue in good steady demand and prices well sustained at 12¾@18¼ cts. for Shoulders in Salt, 16¼@17 cts. for Hams in Pickle, and 19@21 cts. for Bagged and Tight Tierced Hams. Bacon is not very active, owing to small supply; but, when offered, good brands of City Ice-cured find a pretty quick market at 16¾@17¾ cts. The weakness in Lard noticed at the date of our last was followed by a decline of ⅝ ct.; and business throughout the week has been very light, but at the close holders are a little firmer and refuse to operate below 16¼ cts. for No. 1, 16⅝@17 cts. for City, 17¼@17⅝ cts. for Steam, and 18@18¾ cts. for Kettle Rendered. Last sale for future delivery 18¾, buyer August.

SEEDS.—The demand is fair for Clover Seed for export, and prices are much better. Sales at 12¼@13¼ cts. per lb. Timothy Seed is very quiet at $2 50@2 60 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is dull and prices are heavy; we quote at $2 55@$2 60 per bushel.

SUGARS.—Raw Sugars continue to arrive pretty freely, and, holders being more anxious to realize, prices have further declined ¼ ct. per lb. The inquiry was not very brisk, but the aggregate of business foots up large, owing to a number of forced sales. At the close the upward turn to gold has a tendency to impart more confidence, and we note quite a steady feeling at 11@11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@12 cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 11¾@12 cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined sold slowly at 16¼@16⅝ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Cru-hed, 15@15⅝ cts. for Soft White, and 13¾@14¾ cts. for Yellow.

DRY GOODS.

THE continuation of the heated term, which commenced week before last, had the effect of wilting prices of almost everything but domestic cottons; and the whole market for dry goods sympathized with sheetings and shirtings, and maintained prices in a very remarkable manner. The transactions were not large; but the cheapness of money and the prospects of the Fall business give an extraordinary firmness of tone to the whole market. Neither manufacturers nor jobbers appear to anticipate any decline in prices; and where such a feeling is shown, in common with both producers and consumers, there is little likelihood of any decline taking place. There is nothing in the present condition of our national finances, nor in the reports of the harvests from the great grain-producing region of the West, to cast a shadow upon the business prospects of the immediate future. In some styles of goods there has been a slight advance established, but in most articles prices have been evenly maintained.

In brown sheetings and shirtings there has not been quite so much activity as in the previous week; but prices have improved about ¼ cent a yard in standard makes. In bleached goods the advance is fully maintained, and jobbers are quietly adding to their stocks for the Fall trade.

Drills are in better demand, while the stock in first hands has considerably diminished. Canton Flannels are more inquired for, and the popular makes are held at higher rates. Corset jeans are without material change, and the market is well supplied. Checks are in better demand, but there is no marked change of prices. Denims and cottonades are in good demand and prices are a shade higher and firmer.

In printing-cloths there have been some considerable transactions, and prices are firm, though the market for gray goods is less active than it was last week.

In prints there is a firm demand for medium and light effects, considering the season; but dark styles are not yet in full supply, and prices are not settled. In the new styles for the Fall trade there is an advance of about ¼ cent a yard. Ginghams remain inactive without any material change of prices.

Rolled jaconets are in good demand Cambrics, except for the better qualities, are quite inactive.

Italian cloths are moderately active, the demand coming mostly from the large clothing houses; but prices are without decided change. For cloths and overcoatings there is an increased demand, and both buyers and sellers appear to have greater confidence in the market, but prices are without material change. But there is more business doing in cassimeres and satinets, with a slight improvement in prices; the new styles of fancy cassimeres are very attractive and meet a ready market. The better qualities of satinets sell freely, but the lower grades are heavy.

Kentucky jeans are in moderate demand for the better qualities, but inferior grades are in small request.

In foreign goods there is but little doing. The season is early for the opening of Fall styles, and the importations, except in plain merinos, is small. For the next three or four weeks there will be a constantly improving increase in the amount and quality of dry goods importations.

ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, AND ST LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY'S First Mortgage 50-years 7 per cent. Convertible Bonds. Interest payable semi-annually, 1st February and 1st August, in New York or London, *in gold coin, free of Government tax.*

For sale at the offices of the Company, No. 12 Wall street, at 95 per cent.

H. H. BOODY, Treasurer.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, July 20, 1868.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15½	Amoskeag	13¾
Merrimack, D	15½	Lowell	15½
Cocheco, L	14	Wamsutta	16½
Sprague	16½	Victory	16½
Pacific	13½@14	Wauregan	13½
American	13½@13¾	Arnold	13¾
Eagle	13½@13¾	Hamilton	13½@13¾
Allens	13½	Richmond	13½
Manchester	14	Gloucester	13½
Freemans	12½	Mourning	13½
Briggs	11½	Lancaster	13½
Nassau	13½	Oriental	13½@13½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	18	Hartford	14
Berkshire	16	Roanoke	11½
Caledonia	16	Glasgow	14½–17

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14–17	Pocasset	14–17½
Lawrence, C	17	" F	16
" E	14–14½	Pepperell, E	16
" H	14	" G	14
" M	14	" H	13
Pacific, Extra	14–17½	" N	12½
" H	14–12½	" O	11½
" L	14–12	" P	10½
Atlantic, A	14–16	Boot, S	14
" H	14–16	" O	13½
" L	14–12	" P	12½
Indian Head	14–14½	Utica	13½
Exeter, A	14–14½	Tremont, C	14–15½
" B	14–13½	Bonar Orchard	14–15½
Medford	14–16	" W	13½
Augusta	14–16	" M	15½
" B	14–15	Great Falls, H	14–15½
Clifton	14–15½	" T	14–15½
Pittsfield, A	14–15½	" M	14½
Everett, A	14–15½	" J	14–15
Everett, AA	14–15½	Cabot, A	14–16
Hannover	14–15½	" B	14–15
Bedford, R	14–15½	Dwight, A	14–15½
Conesto Co, E	14–15½		

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	44–19	Dwight	44–19
Wamsutta	44–35	Ballou & Son	44–16
"	36–29½	"	36–14½
Tuscarora	44–32½	Lonsdale	44–19
Williamsville	44–24	" Cambric	44–17
White Rock	44–18	Hill	44–15
White Rock	44–18	"	36–15
Indian River, XX	44–19	Bartlett	44–15
" X	44–17	"	36–inch 14½
Attawangan, XX	42–inch 12½	"	36–inch 13½
" X	42–inch 11	James Sc'on Mills	44–16½
Masonville	44–18	"	36–inch 15½
Blackstone	44–16	"	42–inch 16½
Hope	44–14	Great Falls, J	36–14
Langdon	44–16	"	42–inch 16
"	42–inch 18	"	44–inch 17
"	46–inch 21	Red Bank	44–12½
Wauregan	44–20	Waltham	44–14
Pepperell	4–4 30	"	42–inch 16
"	8–4 45	"	8–4 45
"	10–4 57½	"	10–4 57½
Utica	44–22	Franklin M'f'g	44–16
"	42–25	Bay Mills	44–20
"	36–22½	Putnam, A	44–17
"	30–20½	"	42–inch 16
Boot, R	8–4 40½	Green, G	44–18½
" H	10–4 51½	Androscoggin	44–18
" W	8–4 45½	Whitesville	44–13
Androscoggin	44–18	"	42–inch 12½
Canoe	8–4 34½		

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	31	Otis Company, CC	23½
York	30	"	19½ 27½
Blue Hill	15	"	AA 25
Northfield	15	Warren Brown	27½
Oakland	20	Lewiston, H	28½
Working Man's	25	Columbian	31
Union	17		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	24	Whittenton, A	20
York	23	" BB	16
Cheonville	13½	" C	14
American	14½	Eagle	12½
Hamilton	24	Thorndike	32½
Everett	15		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	25	Thorndike	18
York, 32-inch	27½	Methuen, AA	32
Amoskeag, A, C, A	35	Hamilton Regular	26
" A, C	30	Willow Brook	31
" B, C	25	Swift River	20
" C	22	" A, Extra	30
" D	20	Hampden, CC	30
Conestoco 4-4	28	Pearl River	26
" Extra	38	Pittsfield	9¼
Swift River	18		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	15¾
Laconia	14	Bates	11¾
Nashua Ne'son's	17¾	Indian Orchard	13¾
New Market	14	Everett	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	18	Appleton	18
Pepperell	18	Grant	16
Laconia	18	Augusta	16
Stark, A	18	Wilmington	16

DELAINES.

Pacific	16@20	Lowell	16
Hamilton	16@20	Sprague	16
Manchester	16@20	Arnold	—

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	25	Ellerton T	17¾
aconia	22¾	"	24
Pemberton, C	20	Amoskeag	25
" A	27¾	Nashua	19

J. R. TERRY,
NO. 469 BROADWAY, AND NO. 19 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK,
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for Gents', Youth's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's wear, in every variety, style and quality unsurpassed.
☞ A liberal discount to clergymen.

BOYNTON'S CELEBRATED FURNACES,
FOR WARMING DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, ETC.
FORTY-EIGHT SIZES AND PATTERNS, BRICK AND PORTABLE, FOR COAL AND WOOD. ALSO FIRE-PLACE AND PARLOR HEATERS; RANGES AND KITCHENERS; PARLOR, OFFICE, COOK, AND LAUNDRY STOVES.
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